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LAUGHS

Some people have said I have stolen a part
Of the good grains of wheat in this mountain of chaff;
As a matter of fact, the whole book is steal,
But who wouldn't steal for the sake of a laugh.

His Reason.

Some of the best of Dean Pigon's stories come from Halifax (not Sheffield.) One of these concerns his verger, one Sagar. Imagine him, a venerable figure with gray hair, skull cap, gown and verger's staff. In ignorance they had married a man to his deceased wife's sister.

Sagar, whose business it was to settle the business about the banns, was at once cross-examined. "Oh, yes, vicar," said he, "I knowed right well. I knowed parties."

"But why did you not tell me? I should have forbidden them."

"Well, vicar, it was just this way, do you see: one of the parties was 84 and t'other was 86. I says to myself, 'Lord, it can't last long; let 'em wed, and bother the laws!'"

The Exception.

Attorney—Ignorance of the law excuses no one.

Client—Except, of course, a lawyer.

Connubial Confab.

"Arrah Pat, and why did I marry ye? jist tell me that—for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that F'ather O'Flanigan sent me home to yer house."

"Swate jewul," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and its meself that hopes I may live to see the day you're a widow, waping over the cowld sod that covers me: thin, by St. Patrick, I'll see how ye will get along without me, honey."

"Say, Tommy, I don't like you any more."

"Why?"

"Because, when I hit you on the head with a mallet you make faces and cry."

Jones had a dream the other night; he dreamed he owed a man ten dollars. He woke up and found it was true. He's afraid to go to sleep again for fear he might pay him. ♪

HURON'S LAUGHS

Why He Forgot to Write.

A city woman sent her small boy into the country says an exchange, and after a week of anxiety received this letter: "I got here alright but I forgot to write before. A feller and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out. I was so full of water I didn't know anything for a good while. The other boy has to be buried when they find him. A horse kicked me over and I have got to have some money for fixin' up my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire tonight and I should smile if we don't have some bully fun. I shall bring home a tame polecat if I can get him in my trunk."

"Mamma, if I get married, will my husband be a man with whiskers and who smokes, like all the men I see?"

"Yes, my dear," the mother answered.

"And if I don't get married, will I be an old maid like Miss Brown?"

"Yes, Ethel."

The little girl brooded for a moment. Then she sighed and said in a sad, resigned voice:

"Mamma, it's a hard world for us women, isn't it?"

Teacher—Can a man live with a broken back?

Bright Pupil — It dependth, ma'am, on whoth back it ith.

"You want a place as office boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"Boston."

"Ah! How much pay per week do you want?"

"I want \$100, sir."

"A hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir. That's what I want, but I expect to get about \$3."

"Now, Hiram Simpson, did you meet any bunco man while you was in the city?"

"I did, Samantha, an' worse."

"Worse! Why, Hiram Simpson?"

"Thet's what I did. I called a policeman an' he took what th' other gentleman forgot."

Algy—"What did you do when old Bootstraps caught you kissing his daughter?"

Fredy—"Why, first I started to argue, then I started to explain, then I started to apologize, and then I started to run, but bah Jove it was too late; I should have done that in the first place."

Hotelkeeper — "My rates for rooms are two dollars up."

Actor—"Bnt how much for the 'profesh'? I am Hamfatter Hamlet, the tragedian."

Hotelkeeper—"Oh, in your case it will have to be two dollars down."

Wronged.

"You bust excuse be this evedig, Biss Billigad, said Mr. Addlethwaite, "If by speech is a little thick, for I have a terrible cold in by head."

"I see you have," Miss Millington replied, "and that reminds me that you ought, by all means, to call on Sue Dallington while you are in your present condition."

"Why so, Biss Billigad?"

"She told me the other day that she was sure you had nothing in your head. Now, you can prove that she made a mistake."

He Didn't Exaggerate.

"Ate a quart of raw oysters at one time! Oh, pshaw, you couldn't do it, Patrick."

"Well, it's meself that did it no later than the day before yister-day."

"Patrick, Patrick, you're a great liar."

"Mr. Roberts, I've not exaggerated at all. I ate a whole quart sur, but at the same time I'll acknowledge that the oysters were schmall wans."

Quite Strenuous.

Summer hotel proprietor (proudly)—Nearly all of my waiters are college men who are working their way through college.

Guest—Well, judging by the way they work your guests, they'll all be graduated with honors.

A Cruel Insinuation.

Mose Schaumburg—You vant a week's salary in advance, put suppose, Mishter Silverstone, I let you have dot week's salary, and maybe you drops tead ternight. How den vill I git mine money pack?

Mr. Silverstone—I hope, Misther Schaumburg, dot I am too much of a schentleman to play you any such dricks ash dot, replied the clerk with dignity.

What Worried Him.

"Yes, gentlemen," said the professor in physiology, gravely, "you should be content with what you have."

"I am," said the precocious freshman. "It is what I haven't got that I'm dissatisfied about."

The first time Pat went to Boston he saw a large and well-known monument, and, looking skyward, he remarked, "Arrah, whot's thot?" when a young lady who happened by and took in the circumstance replied:

"Why, don't you know all about that? Why, that's where General Warren fell."

Pat replied, "Sure, mum, but he had a high fall."

Mrs. Weeperly—"Yes, we pay spot cash for everything."

Mrs. Whipperly—"Ah! I often speak to my husband about the time when we had to."

HURON'S LAUGHS

Deacon Smith—I know it's very premature, Widow, to speak to you of my love within an hour after your return from your late husband's funeral, but——

Widow Jones (sobbing). I'm very sorry, Deacon, but Bro. Brown spoke to me at the grave. You're a little late, Deacon."

Judge—"What's the charge agin' this man?"

Officer—"Stealing nine bottles of beer, your honor."

Judge—"Discharged. I can't make a case out of nine bottles."

They live to be pretty old over in Carlisle, Mass. There are two men there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

Captain—All is lost. We can not save the ship!

Moses—Do you hear what he says Ikey, the ship is going to sink.

Ikey—Vell let it sink. Vot do ve care? Ve don't own it.

Myra—"What kind of a husband would you advise me to get?

Jessie—"You get a single man and let the husbands alone."

"Did you know that this beautiful silk dress came from a poor little insignificant silk worm?"

"Yes. I'm that worm."

A Minnesota man says its a mistake about people being made one when they are married, and claims that he and his wife were made ten. She's the one, and he's the cypher.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone.

She—What was his answer?

He—He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right."

"That was a handsome woman in the pink tights."

"What was the color of her hair?"

"I didn't notice her face."

An extremely lazy man, who was a hunter, punched out his left eye with a ramrod to save the labor of shutting it when he went to shoot.

"Well, Billy, how does your don't worry badge sell?"

"Gracious! I've got so many orders to fill that I'm nearly crazy."

I saw a pretty girl on the lawn with her stockings on wrong-side out, so I turned the hose on her.

Brown—"My wife married me for my money."

Jones—"Well, she earned it."

What do you think of a school girl so modest that she wouldn't do improper fractions?

Why He Was Nervous.

The blind devotion with which an old servant did his duty was illustrated on one occasion when his master had a dinner party. During the dinner Henry was very nervous and made two or three blunders.

His master showed his annoyance and cast angry glances at his servant, but the poor man could not settle quietly to his work.

At last, when the dessert had been placed quietly on the table, he stole timidly behind his master's chair and said:

"Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last hour and a half."

The Sign Was All Right.

"Then you'd better take down your sign."

"Whuffur?"

"Because it says 'Whitewashing done here.' And you say you don't whitewash."

"Dat sign's all right. My ol' woman she done take in washin' for white folks and dat's de kind o' whitewashin' we does."

The Innocent Maid.

Miss Dimple—Don't you dare kiss me—mamma is looking.

Algernon—Why, I wasn't going to kiss you.

Miss Dimple—You were, too; you know you were; there, she's turned away now—hurry.

In one of the black-land counties of south Texas is a negro doctor, who enjoys a more or less extensive practice among the colored population, which composes a majority of the citizenship. A white physician accosted him on the road the other day saying: "Well, Dr. Sam, where have you been?" "Been to see Bill Johnson, sah. He was wraslin' wid Mose Jones an' bus' a bloodwessel." "Indeed, that's serious! What did you prescribe?" "Ah! I done fix him all right, wid alum and gum arabic. Alum to draw de pahts togeddah and de gum to stick 'em." It may be interesting to add that the victim recovered.

An exchange asks: "Who is happier—the man who owns \$100,000 or he who has seven daughters?"

That's easy. The man who has seven daughters, of course. He who has \$100,000 wishes for more; the man who has seven daughters does not.

"Which is the head barber?" inquired the customer. "We're all head barbers," replied the artist, "what did you suppose we were—corn doctors?"

"Isn't he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother. Daughter—Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away.

He Meant Well.

He was an old man and he had an honest face, but it was evident to all the passengers on the street car that his persistent stare at the pretty woman opposite embarrassed and annoyed her. Several hints were thrown out, but he did not take them, and the man beside him finally asked:

"Did you ever see a woman before?"

"Of course," was the reply.

"Well, they don't like to be stared at as you are doing. Can't you see how uncomfortable you have made that woman?"

"Have I? By George, I didn't mean to! Say, ma'am, you must excuse me. I didn't mean no disrespect nor nuthin', but you are a gaul-darned good-looking woman, and I was gazin' at you same as I would look at a cow!"

There was a good old-fashioned revival in progress in a well known colored church. In order that the revival spirit might be quickened it was arranged that the preacher should give a signal when he thought the excitement was the highest, and from the attic through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit, the sexton was to shove down a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the audience was expected to have an inspiring effect, and, as far as emotional excitement

was concerned, to cap the climax.

All went well at the start; the church was packed; the preacher's text was "In the form of a dove," and as he piled up his eloquent periods the excitement was strong. Then the opportune moment arrived—the signal was given—and the packed audience was scared out of its wits on looking up at the ceiling and beholding a cat with a clothes-line around its waist, yowling and spitting, being slowly lowered over the preacher's head. The preacher called out to the sexton in the attic:

"Whar's the dove?"

And the sexton's voice came down through the opening so you could hear it a block: "Inside de cat!"

The Evidence Was Clear.

"Oh, no, you must be mistaken. That man isn't deaf."

"But I know him—I've known him for years. He's as deaf as a post. What makes you think he isn't?"

"Why, over there is a railroad track and he isn't walking on it."

Wife—My shopping wasn't very satisfactory to-day.

Husband—Umph! I suppose, as usual, you were trying to get something for nothing.

Wife—Well, yes, dear. I was trying to get something as a birthday gift for you.

A Mean Trick.

He got on the train at Oakland and sat down beside me. He was long, lean and lank. First he looked out of the car window and then at me.

"Dry day, hey?"

I merely nodded my head affirmatively.

"Do you drink, young man?"

I said I didn't mind if I did.

He said he would mind, though.

"I am surprised that a man of your modest appearance, with eyes denoting Christian breeding, a forehead denoting good moral character and a mouth too pure to withstand the taint of intemperance should be willing to indulge in the flowing bowl."

I could only squirm about in my seat and prepare myself for an eighteen carat temperance lecture about to be thrust upon me.

"And, young man, do you know that hundreds of homes have been devastated by strong drink?"

I knew.

"Are you aware that wine is a mocker and drink is the national curse?"

I was aware.

"Are you cognizant of the fact that every glass is the foundation stone of intemperance?"

I was cog.

"I want you to promise me that you will not let another drop of liquor pass your lips."

"I promise!" I almost shouted,

extending my hand as a seal to the faithful adherence to my promise.

"And you will not yield to temptation?"

"I will not."

"And you will not ask for a drink should you see any one else imbibing?"

"I give you my word and honor; I will not."

"Thanks, young man, thanks," and with that the mean, grovelling, contemptible, long, lean, lanky hypocrite put his hand in his back pocket, brought forth a pint flask of whisky and drank to his heart and stomach's content, while I sat like a buncoed commuter amid the giggling occupants of the train.

Trouble Enough.

The doctor on opening the door of his reception-room to summon the patient next in turn, was greeted by a boy of about seven years of age, who explained that his mamma had sent him over to be cured. Inquiry elicited the information that "Mamma" was one of the doctor's oldest patients.

"Well, my boy, what am I to cure you of?" he asked.

"Why," was the explanation, "bof' my eyes is rainin' and one of my noses won't go."

Court Clerk—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Pat—"What are yeez there for but to foind out."

Amos J. Cummings in a Storm.

One summer Amos J. Cummings passed two weeks on a pilot boat and took Ernest Jarrold, the author of "Mickey Finn Idylls," with him for company. One day a great storm arose and the pilot boat was tossed about on the waves like a chip. Every minute a wave would dash over the deck and threaten to carry everything away and swamp the boat. Cummings and Jarrold were in the little cabin, the former lying in a bunk intently reading a book on the French revolution. Jarrold poked his head out to look at the storm, when a mountain of sea water fell with a boom on the deck and filled his eyes with spray. The boat gave a fearful lurch and careened until it seemed that she must turn completely over.

"This is awful, Amos," said Jarrold. "I'm going to put on a life preserver, for I don't think the boat can stand it many minutes longer."

"Oh keep quiet and let me read, Mickey," said Cummings, never lifting his eyes. "The men on this boat draw a regular salary to keep her afloat."

The Reason Why.

Gen. N. B. Forrest, the noted Confederate cavalry leader, was a hard fighter with whatever weapon he chose for a combat. Few men got the best of him with sword or tongue. They are still feeling in

Alabama of a curt retort he gave to a rival officer who once insinuated that Forrest used hairdye.

"How is it, general," sneered the officer, "that your hair is gray, but your beard is black?"

"Probably because, unlike some people I know, I use my head more than my jaws," was Forrest's grim reply.

Don't's.

Don't use a gallon of words to express a teaspoonful of thought.

Don't swear to give up a bad habit and then keep on swearing.

Don't hide money in your boots, if you are in the habit of throwing them at cats.

Don't think that women mean it when they kiss each other. They do it for practice.

Don't censure a woman for entering the theatre late; perhaps she had to wash the dinner dishes.

Don't think a girl by any other name would be as sweet. You may find out your mistake after giving her yours.

William—"There's one thing about Miss Charming's house I don't like."

Arthur—"What's that?"

William—"Her father."

Don't forget that heaven, like charity, begins at home, or that it takes two to make a paradise, while one can make a hell.

Three little boys were discussing the question of memory.

Charles said; "I remember what happened when I was two years old."

Henry remarked: "I can remember before I was born. I cried for a whole week because I was afraid I should be a girl."

The third boy said: "I can remember farther back than that. I can remember the day I was told, 'Stand up, Johnny, and have your eyes put in.'"

Young Wife (pettishly)—you always seemed to have plenty of money before we were married.

Loving Husband—It was only seeming. I had very little.

Young Wife—And you told me you expected to be rich.

Loving Husband—I am rich, my dear; I've got you.

She subsided.

"I was standing in a Broadway car one day recently, when an old colored man courteously offered me his seat. 'But, I don't wish to deprive you of your seat,' I remonstrated. 'Oh, there's no depravity at all,' said he, 'sit down.'"

Isaacs (instructing his son)—Ven you zell a coat to a man vat wants a coat, dot's nodding; aber ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's peezniss, my poy—dot's peezniss.

Eugene Field who was sometimes forced to live economically, was invited to a dinner where luscious strawberries formed a part of the menu. It was in the middle of winter and the fruit was an expensive luxury. To everyone's surprise Field declined to eat any. When asked why, he replied sententiously, "it spoils my appetite for prunes."

"What time is it," Mister John-sing?"

"I really can't say, Mister Bivins."

"Well, don't carry no watch chain no mo' then."

"Mah Gawd! nigger, ef you see a man with a halter in his hand, do you think he's got a horse in his pocket?"

A boy stood on the corner of Fourteenth street and Fourth avenue, industriously scratching his head, when a gentleman, who was passing, said to him: "Picking 'em out, sonny?" "No, sir," replied the boy, "I take 'em just as I finds 'em."

How's this for a mean man? He gives his little boy a penny for going to bed without his supper. After the little boy has gone to bed he sneaks upstairs and steals it out of his pocket. When the little boy comes down in the morning he whips him for losing it.

His Ingenuity.

"You say," said a judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence. State just exactly what you mean by that."

"Well," said the witness, "my exact meaning is that he lied."

The Major's Misfortunes.

Is de major got his pension yit?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Used him up purty bad, didn't dey?"

"Wuss you ever see! Los' one arm whilst he wuz a-tryin' ter surrender en broke two legs a-runnin!"

Not In His Line.

"Why doesn't that big, hulking fellow sitting yonder shoo those chickens out of the garden?"

"He is a blacksmith. He only shoes horses."

"Did you ever hear of the Irishman who was whipped by two Dutchmen?" asked the police captain, who came in for a hair cut.

"No!" exclaimed the barber and the bailiff in the same breath.

"Neither did I," said the policeman. "It hasn't happened yet."

She—A married couple should pull together like a team of horses.

He—Yes, and they probably would if, like a team of horses, they had but one tongue between them.

His Idea of It.

He (at church)—I wonder why those two pretty girls across the aisle look so sad?

She—Oh, it's because each has a new bonnet, I suppose.

He—I don't see why that should be productive of such melancholy.

She—Why, each thinks the other has the prettier.

He—Then, why don't they exchange and be happy?

"Don't you think Josiar is kind o' disrespeckful in his way o' talkin' to us?" said Mrs. Corntossel.

"Mandy," was the reply, we paid a heap o' money to elevate Josiar in the world. He's got to put on airs over somebody, an' you an' me's 'bout the only folks that'll stand it 'thout fightin'."

The aged attorney looked keenly at the young lawyer. "Do you love my daughter?" he asked. The youngster hesitated. "Before I give you a direct answer, judge," he said, with much earnestness, "I want you to pledge me your word that the information will not be used against me."

Mrs. Tracy—You would not part with your little wifey for all the money in the world, would you, my dear?

Tracy—Not much! Money talks, but there is not enough of it in the world to take your place.

A Business Opportunity.

A Chicago broker recently found a postal card in his morning mail reading as follows: "Dear Sir:—Please buy me 5,000 shares of People's Gas at 95 cents and sell the same at \$1.15. After deducting your commission you may remit the balance in a registered letter. Yours very respectfully, Mrs. Blank. P.S.—My future patronage depends upon the promptness with which you act in executing the above order."

Music Hath Charms, Etc.

Beggar—Boss, I jes' seen yer give dat organ grinder 10 cents.

Old Gent—I know; but I can't afford to give any more today.

Beggar—But, Boss, I'm a more deservin' case. If you can afford ter give coin ter a man wot plays de organ, surely yer can't refuse a man wot don't.

Sure Of It.

Jack—I made two calls this afternoon, and I must have left my umbrella at the last place I called.

Tom—How do you know but what you left it at the first place?

Jack—Because that is where I got it.

"How's your husband? Mrs. O'Mallihan."

"Sure, sor, the doctor do be sayin' if he lives to get well, he'll be all right, an' if he don't, he'll die."

How It Struck Papa.

"Mamma went to the auction and bought one of those decorated Chinese praying machines. She thought it would please papa."

"Did it?"

"At first. He was just looking into it when he asked the price. When mamma told him he swore like a trooper."

"What did your mother say?"

"She said she was glad it was a praying machine and not a phonograph."

A Cheap Cow.

Stranger—What do you value your white cow at?

Farmer Furrow—She ain't worth over \$10. Taxing cows this year?

Stranger—I am not the assessor. I am an official of the Quick Time railroad. Your cow was killed this morning. Here's the \$10. Good by.

Too Sensitive.

Danglers—So the engagement between Miss Trilby and George Winkles is off?

Morrison—Yes; she was too sensitive. A woman ran a perambulator over her foot, and when she told George about it he asked her if it upset the perambulator.

"Oh, Lucy, since I saw you last week I've been married!"

"That's nothing. During that time I've divorced again."

A correspondent of the London Post, who has witnessed a pilgrimage to Mecca, records the following prayer which he heard delivered there by an Arab pilgrim;

"O, Almighty God!" he cried, "now I am sure you will not send me to hell. A place in Paradise is surely reserved for me. You know I was not rich, being only a poor barber, but through my economy and perseverance I laid by some money. My first intention was to buy a wife with my savings, but being, as You know, a sensible man, I thought it more advisable to make use of them to come to Your house, first of all, to insure to myself a houri in Paradise, and remember, O my Lord, that I want a palace as well. I do not want to be a shaver in the next world. We read in the traditions that those who hold high positions here will be miserable hereafter, whereas the wretched in this life will be rich in heaven. So I implore You, in the name of Mahomet, our Prophet, who was created before this world was made, and who will sit down on Your right hand side on the day of judgment and plead on behalf of his people, to listen to my requests. When I return home I have nothing to live on. Therefore, I want a comfortable living to begin with. And, since it may be long before I meet the houri You are reserving for me in Paradise, I want to have a nice little wife now.

You know the kind of woman I like. Nothing is hidden from You. I am not greedy, and so I shall not ask you for many. But, O Lord, may I ask You for two? For, as You know full well, it is not in the nature of a man to be contented with one."

Coming home late one night, old Jones discovered a country yokel with a lantern standing by the kitchen door.

"Young man," said he, "what are you doing here?"

"I've come a-courting, sur."

"A-courting? What do you mean?"

"Well, I'm a follower of Mary, the kitchen maid, sur."

"Do you usually carry a lantern when you are on such errands?" asked the old man sarcastically.

"Yes, sur, al'ays."

"Don't tell me such nonsense. You had better be off quickly—courting with a lantern, indeed. In my young days I never used such a thing.

"No, sur," replied the yokel, sidling off, "judging by yer missus, I shouldn't think yer did."

Little Willie—Say, pa, was the earth created before man?

Pa—Yes, my son.

Little Willie—Why was it?

Pa—It was probably known that it would be the first thing he'd want when he arrived.

Irish Hostler.

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."

"Certainly, yer honor; I know that, but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

An Emerald.

How are you getting on in your new place?" asked a lady of a girl whom she had recommended for a situation. "Very well, thank you." "I am truly glad to hear it" said the lady. "Your employer is a nice person, and you cannot do too much for her." "I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

Mistress (to new servant)—"We have breakfast generally about 8 o'clock."

New servant—"Well, mum, if I ain't down to it, don't wait."

An Irish doctor advertises that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Liffey street, where his blind patients may see him from 10 till 3.

Rosenstine vs. Isaac.

Rosenstine—I say, Isaac, when are you going to pay me those fifty dollars you owe me?

Isaac—I don't owe you fifty.

Rosenstine—Yes, you do; and I think you want to beat me out of the money.

Isaac—Don't accuse me of being a beat, for I belong to religion.

Rosenstine—If you do, it's in your wife's name.

Making Calls.

Mrs. Cassidy—"Why don't you come down and see me, Mrs. M'Ginnis?"

Mrs. M'Ginnis—"And it's you that's talkin', Mrs. Cassidy: and not a sight did I see of ye since last Aister! Sure, if I lived as near to you as you do to me I'd be drop-pin' in every week!"

Cheap Russian Baths.

A Hebrew thought he would take a bath and on inquiring the cost was told \$1 each, but grumbled at the price, when the proprietor told him he could have 12 tickets for \$10, but the Hebrew exclaimed, "Vat do you take me for, how do I know I am alive 12 years."

Solomon—Wife, gif me dot glean shirt dot bureau drawer in.

Rebecca—No, Solomon, you had better wait until your birfday, vich will be only six more weeks from day after ter-morrow.

The Size of America.

Col. Abraham Gruber is the master of more Irish jokes, it is said, than any other man in town. In making a speech at a recent public dinner he told this one, says the New York Mail and Express:

"Micky Finnigan, who had been an American citizen for about a year and had traveled about this continent considerably, returned home to Hibernia for a visit. This is the way he described his new country to one of his relatives:

"'Phwy, Amer-r-rica is so big, begorra, that if you wor to dr-rag England thr-rough the shtates you wouldn' lave a mar-rk in the dir-rt, an' you could lose Oireland in one o' them gr-reat inland oceans we hov phwat we call lakes; an' if you had Scotland to get rid of, there are a thousand corners you could hide her in, an' nobody could tell where you had put her except, begorra, for the bad smell o' the whisky.'"

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father's roof?"

"But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply.

Teacher—If you are polite and kind to your young companions, what will be the result?

Bully Jones—They'll know they can lick you.

Kaintuck English.

Here is a little dialogue that recently occurred between two rural members of the Kentucky militia, which brings out some curiosities of dialect:

"We've bin ordered to Frankfort."

"I gad, I hain't goin'!"

"I gad, you hev to go!"

"I hain't, and there's lots more thet hain't goin' nuther."

"I gad, youns swored you'd go, and, I gad, you've got to go."

"I gad, we don't got to go! We hain't got no unicorns and we hain't got no guns, and we hain't goin' nohow. We 'most friz last time and didn't git nuthin' to eat!"

"Well, mebbe youns won't go, but if youns don't, you'll git found like hell?"

Thomas B. Reed had made an appointment with a friend who lived in a town some distance from Washington. He was impatiently protesting at his tardiness, when a telegram brought an explanation of its cause.

"Washout on the line," ran the message. The Maine statesman, ever quick at repartee, instantly wired in reply:

"Buy a new shirt and come on at once."

When a woman can make pretty gestures she knows she doesn't need to have much sense.

He Expected Too Much.

A prisoner who arrived not many mornings since was promptly taken to the State shop to be shod, as is customary. The foreman of the shoe department recognized the old shoes that the new boy took off as having been made in his department, and said:

"You haven't been out long, boy?"

"Not long!" said the returned prisoner with great scorn. "What ye givin' me? I've been out five months. D'ye expect a man to stay away forever?"

Smart Boy.

At a country fete a conjuror was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a hat, when he remarked to a little boy:

"Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can," replied the boy.

"How can she," asked the conjuror.

"She keeps ducks," replied the boy amid roars of laughter.

A Small Crime.

O'Guff—"An' poor O'Giff got sixteen years in Sing Sing."

O'Gaff—"For phwat?"

O'Guff—"For hommycide, I be-lave."

O'Gaff—"Oh, shure that's nothing; I thought it might be for killin'g somebody."

City Fathers.

The town council of a thriving burg recently acquired a piano for their town hall and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councilors were not musical experts, but one—a joiner—bending down and applying his eye to the several corners of the instrument, remarked:

"I'm nae judge o' music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are plumb."

A Symptom.

The Teacher—"Does any one know why Tommy Todgers isn't at school today?"

Johnny Bodgers—"I guess he's got the toothache and couldn't come."

The Teacher—"You guess he's got the toothache? What makes you guess so?"

Johnny Bodgers—"Well, I seen him diggin' fishworms this morning, anyhow."

"Now, boys," said the Sunday school teacher, "can any of you name the three great feasts of the Jews?"

"Yes'm, I can," replied one little fellow.

"Very well, Johnny. What are they?" asked the teacher.

"Breakfast, dinner and supper," was the unexpected yet logical reply.

Any man who thinks he has a monopoly on a woman's heart is a cinch. A woman's heart is always controlled by a syndicate. Don't you know what she means, when she calls you an angel? An angel is a lobster with money. Say, girls, if you don't want to get kissed, get married.

A lady was walking along Market street, in San Francisco, holding a little girl by the hand, who showed all the symptoms of having a flea on her somewhere. A newsboy rushed up and exclaimed, "Examiner! Examiner!" "I'll wait till I get home, I guess," said the lady reflectively.

"A man said to me today, 'where did you get that face?' I told him it belonged to me and he said he didn't know but that I'd beat a bull-dog out of it. The idea. You know a man can't choose his face, nor his hair, nor his eyes. He's lucky if he can pick his teeth."

Moses Kleiderstein—Sara, my dear, don't let Rachael come out: dis shentlemans looks too enticing in dot new suit of clo' he's going to buy.

"Who was that lady I saw with you today?"

"That was not a lady. That's my wife."

"Are you the photographer?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes sir."

"How much do you charge?"

"Three dollars a dozen."

"Well, I'll have to see you again, I've only got eleven."

Office Boy—The editor regrets 'e is unable to make use of the enclosed contribution, for the offer of which he is much obliged.

Lady Artist—Oh, did he really say that?"

Office Boy—No, he said take the stuff away, Pimple; it gives me the pip.

"How is that big, overgrown boy of yours; any stouter than he was?"

"Well, he's been picking up considerable flesh of late."

"That so?"

"Yes, he's got a job in a butcher shop."

A woman's way of fixing it with her conscience for not being found out is to make it harder for the woman who does the same thing and gets caught at it.

A friend of mine saw a sign on a grocer's window which read, "Families Supplied" and he went in and asked for a wife and three children,

Learning the Truth.

A school inspector was examining a class in grammar, and trying to explain the relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example.

"Now, for instance," said he, "what am I?"

That was an easy question, and all the children shouted, "A man!" and then looked around triumphantly, as much as to say, "ask another."

"Yes, but what else?" said the inspector."

This was not so easy; but, after a pause, a boy ventured to suggest "a little man."

"Yes, but there is something more than that."

This was a poser for the youngsters; but, after a moment's puzzled silence, an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness and cried to the inspector;

"Please, sir; I know—an ugly little man."

He—"There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman."

"Indeed, and when are they?"

"Before he is married and afterwards."

Don't kiss all the pretty girl visitors at the house unless you are willing your wife should kiss the men callers.

"A friend of mine, a college professor, went into a crowded restaurant in New York City for luncheon one hot day last summer. The negro in charge of the big corridor where the hat shelves stood was an intelligent looking fellow, and his bow and smile were not of the obsequious, stupid kind, so often affected by colored waiters and doormen in hotels. He took my friend's hat and gave no check for it in return. An hour later, when the professor came out of the dining room, the negro glanced at him in a comprehensive way, turned to the shelves and handed him his hat.

My friend is a man who prides himself on his powers of observation, and the negro's ability to remember to whom each article of clothing belonged struck him as being something very wonderful.

"How did you know this was my hat?" he asked.

"I didn't know it, sah," was the reply.

"Then why did you give it to me?" the professor persisted.

"Because you gave it to me, sah."

A desire to mind one's own business is a taste that is often hard to acquire.

Don't tell fibs to your wife. Never attempt to teach a monkey how to make faces.

They met by chance in a waiting room of a railway station.

"My friend," began the man with a valise full of tracts, persuasively, have you ever reflected on the shortness of life, the uncertainty of all things here below, and the fact that death is inevitable?"

"Have I?" replied the man in the shaggy overcoat, cheerfully, "well, I should guess I have! I'm a life insurance agent."

"Ah—um—looks as if we were going to have some rain, doesn't it?" said the other, locking his valise again with a snap.

Sir Goldgarter—"So he dared to press his lips to yours? What did you do?"

Lady Alice—"Told him to stop right there."

Mrs. Clancy—"The landlord siz he moost a his rint be termorry!"

Mr. Clancy—"Well ef he'll only kape on saying thot tis all oi'll ask av 'im."

Dusty Walker—"Farm work is de most dangerous kind uv work."

Handout Rider—"Yes. Yer more liable to get it when yer ask fer it."

Louise—"Did he get on his knees when he proposed to you?"

Marie—"No; I was already on them."

Boy excitedly rushes into a butcher's shop, and seats himself on a block of ice that had just been delivered.

Butcher—"Here, I say, youngster, what are you doing there? Get out!"

Boy (pleadingly)—"I say, mister, did you ever have a father?"

Butcher—"Yes, I did. What about it?"

Boy—"Well, did ever yer father lay yer 'cross his knee, strap in hand, and give yer——"

Butcher—"Sit there as long as you like, boy."

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,"

So warbled a damsel with zest quite divine.

Then retorted the man with wickedest glee,

"The girls that kiss poodles shall never kiss me."

She—"Do you know what I'd do if you should try to kiss me?"

He—"No; why?"

She—"Oh! nothing; only you don't seem to have any curiosity."

Wig—"Would you rather be born lucky or rich?"

Wig—"I'd rather be born rich. Then you don't have to be lucky."

He who reads can't always run; the book frequently puts him to sleep.

Solomon Up in Alaska.

"There's an old judge up in Alaska where I spent a few weeks recently," said Assistant District Attorney Train, the other day, "who interested me greatly by his excellent rulings.

"While I was there he had a case before him in which two brothers were litigants concerning some land left by their father. They were so bitter toward each other that they wanted an inventory practically of every stone in the place and a perfectly equal division made.

"When the judge had heard both sides of the story, he came to a quick decision.

"'John,' he said, 'you go out and divide the property into what you think to be equal parts, and William, you take your choice after John has made the division.'"

"It was before this same judge that a fly prisoner had been convicted and now stood up to receive sentence. The judge began:

"'I fine you \$50——.'

"'All right, judge, I've got the fifty in my trousers pocket,' said the jaunty convict, reaching for his money.

"'And two years and three months in prison; have you got that in your trousers pocket?' continued the judge.

It was a downcast rogue that heard the end of the sentence.

Doctor's Little Joke.

"Queer thing about people," mused the physician, as he hung up the receiver after answering a telephone call.

"What's queer about them?" asked his friend, the druggist.

"Well," answered the M. D., "take men who are physically weak, for instance, and, as a rule you will find they outlive men who are apparently strong and healthy."

"How do you account for it?" inquired the druggist.

"The only way I can account for it," replied the doctor, as he winked at the soda water clerk, "is that the strong fellows die first."

The farm boy gazed on the gray cashier,
And thought, as entranced, he lingered near:

"Land! would that I that job could hold—

To stand all day and just count gold."

The gray cashier, from his dull employ,

Viewed the tan-brown cheeks of the awkward boy,

And mused: "It would be my dearest wish

Could I be that boy and go off to fish."

Minister—My little man, did I hear you swear just now?

Small Boy—I don't know. What did I say?

Not Much Difference.

"Sir, you have deceived me!" exclaimed the angry damsel. "You told me you were working and earned a big salary, and on that statement you have been holding me in your arms and have become engaged to me. I now find that you do not work and that you are a confirmed loafer."

"Guilty!" replied the wretch, "but Barnum said the American people like to be humbugged."

"Humbug whom you choose, sir, but I, sir, do not propose to be bum-hugged."

Having nothing else to do, he put that in his pipe and went out to smoke it.

A Deduction.

"I wan' shay ri' here zhat my wife's a charmer," declared the obviously intoxicated gentleman. No person contradicting him, he continued: "I wan' zhay again, gemmen, my wife's a charmer. Un'-stan' me?—a charmer! Wow!"

Here a small, clear voice from the edge of the crowd was heard to inquire: "A snake-charmer?"

"It's awfully late," I remarked to my friend, after a long whist bout at the club. "What will you say to your wife?"

"Oh, I shan't say much, you know," was the reply. "Good morning, or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

Charcoal Eph's Daily Thought.

"Ah've often observed," said Charcoal Eph, as he removed the king of spades from his cuff, "dat w'en a gemmen got fo' aces an' de odder gemmen got two ob de same, some one allus sta'hts t' 'lucidate on de 'screpancy. Hit's youah play, Mistah Jackson."

Eloquent Obituary.

An editor of a Southern Missouri paper speaks thus feelingly in a recent obituary notice: "Just about daylight the Pale Horse came for him, with the saddle and bridle of righteousness, and he straddled it and rode Home."

"And, by the way, brother," asked the minister who had been called in to smooth the pathway of the expiring pioneer, "were all those bear stories the truth?"

The old man opened his eyes.

"Parson," said he, "that's a mighty mean advantage to take of a dyin' man."

De Tanque — "You can put a couple of hip pockets in the trousers just like my old ones." Tailor — "Yes, sir. By the way, were the old ones quarts or pints?"

Hoax—Poor Sandy McPherson died of grief. Joax — Why, I thought he took carbolic acid. Hoax—So he did, but he thought it was Scotch whisky.

Frequently the Case.

Two farmers on a visit to Liverpool stood upon the platform of Lime street railway station the other day, when a lady passed in the height of fashion.

"Theer, Jim," says one, "what's think of that, lad?"

Jim eyed her for a minute, and then said:

"Ay, Tom, it's bad ground that takes so much top-dressing."

She Was not a Lone Widow.

A Madison man who proposed to a wealthy widow met with the following reply: "Husband! I have a hired man that smokes and drinks! I have a parrot that swears like a pirate, and I have a cat that stays out all night. What in creation do I want with a husband?"

A Test.

Edith (to Ethel, who has just returned from Europe)—Oh, Ethel, were you seasick?

Ethel—Seasick! Why, Edith, I went into the state room and sat down on my best hat—and I didn't care.

"I'm the piano tuner, Miss."

"But we didn't send for any piano tuner, and besides I'm not prepared to pay—"

"You needn't worry about that, Miss. The neighbors, who sent me, paid me in advance."

Centenarians, Some of Us!

"I was readin' in a real good book the other day," said Deacon Blimber, "that ef we would root out only jest one fault of our'n every year we'd be perfect men after awhile; 'but, massyful goodness!' says I, 'how terrible old the most on us would be!'"

They are having a small-pox scare in Frazer, a little mining town about fifteen miles north of Boone. A large number of colored people live there and one of them was a short time ago telling some Boone people about his experience with small-pox. He said: "One of those horse doctors from Boone come up here where my wife was sick, denounced it small-pox, guaranteed the premises, assassinated the family, and then come to find out it was nothing but common celluloid."

Teacher—Your recitation was extremely good, Johnny. The gestures were particularly natural. Where did you get them?

Johnny—Git what?

Teacher—The gestures.

Johnny—I ain't got the gestooors. It's the hives.

Bill—What would you call a short acquaintance?

Jill—Why, Gill, I tried to borrow a quarter from him, and he didn't have it.

How a Man Can Be His Own Grandfather

I married a widow who had a grown up step-daughter. My father came to see me, of course, and, being a widower, he fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. My father, therefore, became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother, because she had married my father.

In due time my wife had a son, who was, of course, my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife, who was my step-daughter, remember, also had a son, who was my brother and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter.

Now my wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was, therefore, my wife's husband and grandchild, and, as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

Found Him.

"Did you find Mr. Spriggins, Patrick?"

"I did, sorr."

"What did he say?"

"Niver a worrud, sorr."

"Not a word?"

"Not a worrud, sorr."

"Why not, Patrick?"

"Because he was out, sorr."

"Out! I thought you said you found him?"

"I did, sorr; I found him out."

He Had to Swim.

A green Irishman was sent by his employer to take charge of a Jewish funeral, and upon making his report to his "Boss," Pat says:

"That's a curious custom the Jews have of placing a \$20 gold piece in the right hand of the corpse."

"Why, that is to pay his way over the river Jordan."

"Well," says Pat, "if that's the case, that Hebrew will have to swim, because I swiped the \$20."

The Emerald Way.

Johnson: "Do you know Jones?"

O'Kelly: "Yis, sir; I know him."

Johnson: "Can a person believe what he says?"

O'Kelly: "Faith, and it's jist this way. Whin he tells ye the truth ye can belave ivery word he says, but when he lies to yez, ye betther have no confidence in him at all."

Papa's Laundry in Use.

The little girl in the family was inclined to answer the doorbell about as soon as it sounded, and sometimes she gave answers to whoever might be there, that were curious. One day the man who collects the packages of laundry was at the door and asked if the laundry was ready.

"No," she replied, "papa has got it on."

Proving an Alibi.

"Don't know how to plead, don't you?" scowled the judge. "Did you or did you not steal these chickens, as charged?"

"No, sar, an' I kin proob it; sar."

"That's your privilege."

"Yes, sar, an' I kin bring fo'ty ob de best gem'men in my neigh-bo'hood to sw'ar to my cha'acta', sah. Don't dat papah done say dey was a dozen chickens an' eight wa' stole?"

"You are right."

"Yas, sah, I is right. And ebery one ob dem gem'men will sw'ar on dey solemn oaf dat I neber raided no hen roos' yet when I didn't lif' every pullet on de pe'ch. Dat's no job of mine."

The Pastor—"And where is your father this Sabbath, my boy?"

Young Hopeful—"Gone fish-ing."

The Pastor—"Ah, my boy, I do not believe your father fears the Lord."

Young Hopeful—"O, I guess he does—he took his revolver along."

Elmer (aged five)—"Mamma, my stomach says it's time for dinner."

Mamma—"Well, dear, go and see what the clock says."

Elmer (a moment later)—"The clock says my stomach is ten minutes fast."

Mrs. Snitcher—"I wish we could go south for the winter, John."

Mr. Snitcher—"Go south for the winter? Rubbish! We have twice as much winter right here as they do in the south."

Mother—"No, Johnny, you have had pie enough."

Johnny—"Mother, it is impossible to have enough of your pie."

He gets another piece.

Customer (entering poultry shop)—"I should like to see a nice fat goose."

Small Boy—"Yes, sir, mother will be down directly."

"I nebber kin figger it out," said Uncle Eben, "how some o' dese folks dat talks so much about 'spisin' wealth kin be so willin' to borry two-bits."

Citizen—"What are you clubbing that man for?"

Officer—"To make him go home to his wife! He prefers to be arrested!"

"I put on my stockings wrong side out this morning."

"Turned the hose on yourself, you might say."

Here lies the body of Jonathan Pound.

Who was lost at sea and never was found.

Half-way.

One day a drill sergeant in the army had a number of recruits to drill, and wanted the married men separated from the single men, so he formed them in a line and gave the word of command:

"Single men, advance; and married men fall back in the rear."

All took their positions except one, an Irishman, who stood still.

The sergeant asked the reason why he had not moved, but no answer came from Pat.

"Come, my man, are you married?"

"No," replied Pat.

"Then you are single?"

"No."

"Then, what are you?"

"I am courting Sally."

The sergeant collapsed.

Lady (interviewing housemaid)
—Why did you leave your last place?

Housemaid — Because master kissed me, mum.

Lady—And you didn't like it, eh?

Housemaid—Oh, I didn't mind it, mum, but the mistress didn't like it.

Irate husband is leaving home; tearful wife attempts to stop him.

"Don't touch me!"

"Oh, I must! I must! she cried:
"The ice man will be here tomorrow!"

Elmer Foster must always be borne in mind when one is relating the wonders of baseball. Late in the afternoon, as fans will remember, the shadow of the grand stand falls over the field at the west side park and makes it impossible for the outfielders to see a hit ball until it has traveled beyond the shadow.

Back in '94 one of the eastern teams was playing Chicago on the west side, with Foster in center field. The man at bat made a terrific swipe at the ball and hit it. The shadow was deep over the infield and Foster could not see the ball. He started to run out into far center, so as to be prepared.

As a matter of fact the ball was only a bunt. The shortstop caught it and threw the batter out at first. But Foster kept on running—running like mad.

"Look at Foster," yelled the crowd in the bleachers. "What does he think he is after?"

Foster ran at the top of his speed almost to the center field fence. Then he jumped high up into the air, threw up his left hand, and came down to the ground with—an English sparrow tightly clutched in his fist.

She—"I suppose a man sometimes wants to marry a woman because he loves her?"

He—"Yes; and I suppose a woman sometimes loves a man because she wants to marry him."

The Old Lady's Obituary.

"I want you to write me a obituary of the old lady," said the rural subscriber to the editor.

"Sorry to hear of your loss."

"Well I'm not kickin' ag'in Providence!"

"O, of course! Well, how old was she?"

"She never would tell."

"Of a retiring disposition, was she?"

"No, sir—she was mightily in evidence at all times."

"Well, my friend, what on earth am I to say?"

"O, jest say that she wuz took away by Providence, an' Providence knows its business."

My brother has only an acre of ground and he is getting rich."

"How does he do it?"

"Well, you see, he stands the acre up on end, and plants a truck garden on each side of it."

"But how does he hold the ground in that position?"

"But last year he had bad luck. He planted onions on one side and potatoes on the other side; and then the onions got into the potatoes' eyes, and they couldn't see how to grow."

"But how does he manage to hold the land up on edge?"

"Well, you see, it is heavily mortgaged and the sheriff holds it up."

The new servant is getting instructions. The list embraces everything, from tending the baby to carrying in the coal, milking the cows, brushing the clothes of the man of the house, and numerous other things.

"And is that all?" she asks.

"Well, that is all I can think of just now."

"There is a moment's silence. Then she asks:

"Have you a little extra space in the cellar?"

"Yes, but why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I thought I might put in my spare time making bricks."

Mr. Strongmind—Sir, I've come to demand your daughter's hand.

Her Father—You can have it, young man. My daughter is a very self-willed young lady, but I fancy from your mode of application that you'll be able to manage her.

"How's this? Your always advertising again a dog lost. That's the third dog you've lost in a month!"

"Oh, it's just my luck! Since my daughter has been taking singing lessons I can't keep an animal in the place."

Many a man who thinks his persuasive powers are sufficient to control the affairs of a nation wouldn't even make a successful book agent.

HURON'S LAUGHS

Caller—"Your master's not at home, eh, Pat?"

Pat—"No, sor; he do be in the ould country these t'ree wakes, sor."

"Excuse me, Pat, but how is it that when your mistress is on this side of the water your master's on the other, and vice versa? Is there trouble between them?"

"None at all, sor; only they have agrade bechune 'em that they can live together better whin they're apart."

Bower (on his first visit)—By the way, as I came in I noticed a funny-looking little snub-nosed boy on the sidewalk. Mr. Seltser—Oh, yes, that must have been my little nephew. Bowser (trying to get out of his scrape)—Oh, no, that cannot be. This was a red-headed, squint-eyed chap. Mrs. Seltser—Why, that was my own dear Tommy, his mother's darling and his father's joy.

Mamma—"Dorothy, do you know who ate my raisins?"

Dorothy (turning over the leaves of her book more rapidly)—"Mamma, you told me yesterday some things are better left unsaid."

Philosophy of Diet.

Wife—This article says a good many men are killed by eating.

Husband—A great many more would be killed if they didn't eat.

A little boy was sitting behind a bald-headed man at church, who was scratching the fringe of hair on one side of his bald pate. The old gentleman kept it up so long that at last the little boy became interested, and, leaning over, said:

"Say, mister, you'll never catch him there. Why don't you run him out in the open?"

"My name is Pat Corcoran, do you hear me," asked the politician as he was making a speech in a bar-room. "Yes, I hear you," said the bartender, "and the gang gets no more cider till you settle for the last round."

Excited Lady (at the telephone): "I want my husband, please, at once."

Voice (from the exchange): "Number, please?"

Excited Lady (snappishly): "Only the fourth, you impudent thing."

How it Happened.

Horried Mother—I should like to know how you happened to let young Simpkins kiss you?

Daughter—I—I—thought no one was looking.

Cholly—I have such headaches, I'm afraid I've got something in my head.

Miss Rose—Oh, now, Cholly, don't talk foolish!

Troublesome.

"What's your objection to that young man?"

"He's too ambitious," answered the political manager. "I don't want him to figure in any more elections. He insists on being the whole ticket, instead of merely a coupon."

Cheerful Idiot.

"We hardly ever see any congress gaiters now," said the elderly boarder.

"That's a fact," said the cheerful idiot, "though I can remember when they might have been seen on every hand."

Suggesting a Reason.

"Why, do you suppose, did so many young men marry and go immediately to the war?"

"Well, I think it is probable their going to the war was the only condition on which the girls would marry them."

Wise Too Late.

Fond Mother—Tommy, you don't seem very well.

Tommy—No, maw, I ain't; I wisht I had let sister eat that third piece uv pie.

Mamma (at the breakfast table)—You always ought to use your napkin, Georgie. Georgie—I am usin' it, mamma; I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.

A Green Hand.

He was a new freight handler.

"Load those barrels in that car," ordered the freight agent.

"Oi can't load barrels in that car, sor," responded the new man.

"Why not?"

"It's a box car, sor."

Why, of Course.

"I've called to tell you, sir, that the photographs you took of us the other day are not at all satisfactory; why, my husband looks like an ape!" "Well, madame, you should have thought of that before you had him taken."

A Cheap Man.

Passionate Admirer—Oh, darling, tell me that you love me!

Voice from under Divan—Don't yer do it, Sis! He only gives me dimes, an' Mr. Jones allus comes down with a quarter.

Distinctions.

"Did your friend retire from politics?"

"Well," answered the practical worker, "he went to sleep all right. But it wasn't what you'd call a 'retire.' It was a knock-out."

Counsel—Now tell me—while you were standing as you say just in front of the defendant, did anything remarkable strike you? Pat—It did, sorr. "And what was that!" "His fist."

His New Delusion.

Mrs. Faith-Curist—How is your grandfather this morning, Bridget?"

Bridget—"He still has the rheumatism mighty bad, mum."

"You mean he thinks he has the rheumatism. There is no such thing as rheumatism."

"Yes, mum."

A few days later.

"And does your grandfather still persist in his delusion that he has the rheumatism?"

"No, mum; the poor man thinks that he is dead. We buried um yesterday."

An Unjust Insinuation.

London Landlady (to shivering lodger): No sir, I don't object to your dining at a restorong, nor to taking an 'apenny paper, but I must resent your constant 'abit of locking up your whisky, thereby implying that me, a clergyman's daughter, is prone to larceny.

At the Golden Fleece hotel: The Patron—Isn't there some mistake about this bill?

Proprietor—"Two weeks' board and extras, \$230; that's right.

The addition's right, but I've got more money than that.

"Is it true, darling, that you gave the minister \$20 for marrying us?"

"Yes, but keep it to yourself. I was never so swindled in my life."

Why He Weakened.

"Yes," explained the old family servant, "Marse William died er disapp'intment. Dese new, col' winters in de south is what kilt him. W'en he see his whisky froze, en he had ter swaller it in cracked ice, he heaves a deep sigh en gave up de ghos'!"

"Who Is Who?"

"Your grandfather used to saw wood for my grandfather."

"Yes; I've heard him tell how your grandfather beat him down on his price, and half the time didn't pay him."

"Now, Tom," she pleaded prettily; "promise me one thing. Promise me that when you leave the club tonight you won't go anywhere else, but will come straight home."

"I will come as straight as I can, my dear," Tom answered, thoughtfully.

Dr. Squills—How did you cure that man of fits?

Dr. Pills—I had nothing to do with the cure. He moved in a flat, and now he hasn't room to have a fit.

"What would you say to Emerson's aphorism: 'If you trust men, they will be true to you?'"

"Well, I'd say that Emerson never kept a grocery."

Servant—"Please, sir, I've swallowed a pin."

Professor (absently) — "Never mind, Mary; here's another."

Mrs. Breezly—"Do you believe those stories about men selling their wives?"

Breezly—"Oh, I don't know; there are some fools who would buy anything!"

An elderly lady entered a draper's shop and asked to be shown some table cloths. The assistant brought her a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere.

"Haven't you something new?" she asked. The assistant brought another pile and showed them to her. "These are the newest patterns," he said. "You will notice the edge runs right round the border and the center is in the middle."

"Then I will take half a dozen," said the lady.

The Irishman wanted to sell the dog, but the prospective buyer was suspicious, and finally decided not to buy. The man then told him why he was so anxious to sell.

"You see," he said, "I bought the dog and thrained him meself. I got him so he'd bark all the toime if a person stepped inside the gate, and thought I was safe from burglars. Then me woife wanted me

to thrain him to carry bundles—and I did. If you put anything into his mouth the spalpeen'd keep it there till some one took it away

"Well, one night I woke up and heard some one in the next room. I got up an' grabbed me gun. They were there, three of the blaggards, and the dog."

"Didn't he bark" interrupted the man.

"Narra a bark; he was too busy."

"Busy! What doing?"

"Carrying the lantern for the burglars."

Maud—Aunt is horrified at your bathing in that costume."

Daisy—Dear me! And I suppose she'd be still more horrified if I bathed without it. It's hard to please some people."

"Yes, that is a picture of my deceased husband. He is gone but not forgotten."

"How much nicer that is than if he were forgotten but not gone."

Pietro—"I put \$20 on a horse yesterday.

Bimbo—"Ha! And what did you realize?"

Pietro—"That I was a bloomin' silly chunk-headed fool!"

"Where were you born, Sambo?"

"I wasn't born at all. I was washed ashore in a storm."

Sir Thomas Lipton tells, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes, a story of a boyhood friend, whom he recently met by accident, and with whom he renewed acquaintance while on a recent visit to Scotland.

In the course of conversation Sir Thomas happened to ask about a certain mutual friend, one Geordie McKay.

"He's dead long ago," said his friend, "and I'll never cease regretting him as long as I live."

"Dear me! Had you such a great respect for him as all that?" asked the baronet sympathetically.

"Na! na! It wasna only respect I had for himself, but I married his widow!"

Elschen—Mother, when I get married shall I have a husband like father?"

Mamma—"Certainly, my dear."

Elschen—"And if I stay single shall I be an old maid like Aunt Anna?"

Mamma—"I think you will."

Elschen (with a deep sigh)—
"Well, I am in a fix."

Silas Hayseed (at city hotel)—
"Mandy, look 'thet 'ere sign,
'Ring twicet fer hot warter!'"

Mandy Hayseed—"Well, what on it, Si?"

Silas—"Don't them durn fools down stairs know when you ring fer it oncet thet yer want it?"

An Irishman, in order to celebrate the advent of a new era, went out for a lark. He didn't get home till three o'clock in the morning, and was barely in the house before a nurse rushed in, and, uncovering a bunch of soft wraps, showed him triplets.

The Irishman looked up at the clock, which said three, then at the three of a kind in the nurse's arms, and said:

"Oi'm not superstitious, but Oi thank hiven that Oi didn't come home at twelve!"

Moneybags—How did your banquet go off, Banklurk?

Banklurk—Not as well as it might, you know. The toast-master called on a gentleman who had lost an arm and a leg to answer to the toast "Our Absent Members."

Lord Forgiveus—"I can always tell an American by what he drinks."

William Ann—But he drinks anything he can get."

Lord Forgiveus—"That's the way I tell."

I have wooed her; she waits in bestowing her grace;

She can make up a quarrel I find;
She can make up her form, she
can make up her face,

But she never can make up her
mind.

After dinner one day Mr. Porcine took his little boy aside and administered this reproof:

"Johnnie, you eat too fast and too much. You are a regular pig."

"Yes, sir," acquiesced Johnnie, blandly.

"Do you know what a pig is?" inquired Mr. Porcine, severely.

"Yes, sir."

"What?"

"A hog's little boy."

Mr. Porcine changed the subject.

A quack not very long ago advertised a certain famous wart-remover, and Mr. B——, having bought two bottles, felt "sold" at its not having the desired effect.

Out of revenge he penned the following testimonial:

"My Dear Doctor:—I had a wart on the back of my neck I was in the habit of using for a collar-stud. After applying two bottles of your famous wart-remover I can now hang my pants on it."

"So you have quit smoking cigarettes?"

"Yes," answered the sad-looking man; "forever and ever."

"Did you find they were undermining your health?"

"No."

"Wife object?"

"No."

"What cured you of the habit?"

"The pictures they gave away with them."

Sunday school teacher (wishing to show how easily George Washington might have falsified)—

"Now, children, little George didn't know but that he'd be severely whipped by confessing that he chopped down the cherry tree. What might he have done in order to keep peace with his father?"

Patsy — "Buried the hatchet, mum."

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?"

Boy—"Of leather."

Teacher — "Where does the leather come from?"

Boy—"From the hide of the ox."

Teacher—"What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?"

Boy—"My father."

"What does this nation need?" said the impassioned orator. "What does this nation require, if she steps proudly across the Pacific—if she strides boldly across the mighty ocean in her march of trade and freedom? I repeat, what does she need?"

"Rubber boots," suggested the practical person in the rear seat.

Girgl (in the depot)—"I have drunk six glasses of beer, waiting for my wife, and now the train is an hour late. I'll have to order three more. Oh, dear, what an expense a wife is."

What He Meant.

A case was being tried in court and the particular question at issue was the number of persons present when a certain event occurred. An honest but simple-minded German was in the witness-box.

He had never taken an oath before and was not a little disconcerted. The lawyer who conducted the cross-examination saw his opportunity and badgered him with questions, after the manner of his kind.

"How many did you say there were present?" he shouted, bringing his fist down upon the table as though the fate of empires trembled in the balance.

"Vell," meekly answered the witness, "off course I gould not chust say, but I dinks dere vas between six and sefen."

"Tell the jury what you mean by that!" roared the lawyer. "How could there be between six and seven? Were there six or were there seven?"

"Vell," answered the witness, "maybe I vas wrong. There vas more as six, but dere vas not so much as sefen. One was a fery leetle boy."

Sagebrush Sam—"What did the widder say when yer told her we'd lynched her ol' man?"

Cactus Charlie—"She said she'd git even if she had to marry the hull gang."

Seeing Double in Scotland.

The minister and the beadle were returning from a real old-fashioned marriage.

"We had better gang in by the back the nicht," said the minister, on arriving near the manse.

"What way?" said Sandy.

"Aweel, there's been a deal o' whisky gaen, and I think it wad be better."

"Na, na; straucht forrit, straucht forrit," persisted Sandy.

"Very well, then; but, at ony rate, I'll walk on in front a meenit, and you'll tells how I'm daein'."

The minister then walked on a few yards, and called back:

"How am I daein,' then, Sandy?"

"Brawly, sir, brawly," replied Sandy; "but wha's that wi' yer?"

A hobo knocked at the back door of an Albert Lea residence the other day, and when the lady of the house came to the door, Weary Willie delivered himself as follows:

"Madam, I do not pine for anything in the line of home-made delicacies for the interior department, but if it is not asking too much of you, I should like to have you do a little sewing for me."

"Very well," replied the kind-hearted lady, "what can I do for you?"

"'Tis but a trifle," replied the wanderer. "I have a button here that I will thank you to sew a shirt on."

His Mean Way.

"Henry asked you if you had made that cake, did he? Well, what was there in that to wound your feelings, child?"

"It was the—the way he said it, mamma. He—he didn't ask m-me if I'd made it. He—he said, 'Darling, d-did you perpetrate this cake?'"

Giving Up the Struggle.

"Henry, I wish you would let me give you your Christmas present now."

"Why, Clara?"

"I'm worn out changing my mind about it."

Kinsfolk We Meet.

"See that man over on the corner; just now he rushed up to me and claimed to be my cousin."

"Was he?"

"No; he disowned me because I wouldn't lend him \$10."

Interesting Researches.

"I always want introductions to long-haired men."

"Why?"

"I like to discover what subjects they are foolish on."

"The death of a Chicago woman aged 70 was caused by the fact that she persisted in wearing tight shoes."

"Poor woman. I suppose she wore the largest size she could buy."

Persistent Bobby.

"Poor little Bobby is sick because he ate too much pie! Bobby, can ma do anything for you?"

"Yes'm; after I take this ol' bad medicine I think I'll be better 'nough to eat more pie."

Happy Thought.

"In the spring, John, the Western Indians have a 'grass dance' and bury the hatchet."

"That's a great idea, Amelia; let's us have one and bury the lawn-mower."

"That man that you have put me up against has an advantage that I didn't know about," said the pugilist, discontentedly.

"What's that?" asked the manager.

"He used to belong to a debating society."

Mrs. Finnegan: "Young Clancy sint Mary a five dollar bouquet lasht night. I t'ink there's something up."

Mr. Finnegan: "So do I. I saw him coming out of a pawn shop yesterday, an' I t'ink it's his overcoat."

Minnick: "Man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done?" Pretty true, that.

Sinnick: Then woman is mighty lucky. If man's work was never done he'd lose his job.

A party of college students knew an Irishman who used to go through a cemetery every night on his way home, and determined to frighten him. They dug a grave and placing a few loose boards over it, disguised one of their companions as a ghost, and then, hiding behind the gravestones awaited the denouement.

Along came the Irishman, stubbed his toe, and biff, down he went into the open grave. As he arose the ghost said to him, in sepulchral tones:

"What are you doing in my grave?"

"Begorra! what are you doing out of it?"

"At a German picnic if one man gets excited and calls another a liar, the friends of the two get around, some one orders beer and the two men shake hands and join in a song. At an Irish picnic if one man calls another a liar, that's your cue to climb a tree. There's no glass of beer ever goin' to square that."

Passenger—At the restaurant—
"Is that all you've got to eat here?"

Waiter—"I haven't got to eat it. I work here."

"Aint it funny that the best time to catch soft water is when it is raining hard?"

Policeman—To tramp asleep on a bench in the park—"Come wake up there!"

Tramp—"Isn't this Forest Park?"

Policeman—"Yes, this is Forest park."

Tramp—With a sudden assumption of dignity—"Well, I'm Mr. Forest."

Mark—"I know a man who has got six children and he's never seen one of them."

Jennie—"No? Well, that's very strange."

Mark—"No, one of them was born two months after he went to California and he's never seen it."

Judge—"What's your occupation?"

Mike—"I'm a sailor."

Judge—"You don't look like a sailor. I don't believe you were ever on a ship."

Mike—"Do you think I came from Ireland in a hack?"

Priest—"How much hay did you steal, Patrick?"

Pat—"Well, I may as well confess to your reverence for the whole of the stack, I'm going after the rest to-night."

He—"Can you keep a secret?"

She—"Yes, but unfortunately, I always tell it to someone who can't."

The little lad was one of those picture-book boys with a velvet suit and a knack of hitting old gentlemen behind the ear with a handful of mud and looking like an angel all the time.

He was out visiting with his mother the other day, and one of the ladies she took him to see was greatly struck with his golden curls.

"You are a very pretty little boy!" she said.

"Yes, ma'am," he agreed.

"And, as I have no little boy of my own, I think I shall ask your mother to sell you to me. Do you think she will?"

"No, ma'am," he promptly replied.

"Why not?" queried his admirer. "Don't you think I have enough money to pay for you?"

"It isn't that, ma'am," said little Lord Fauntleroy: "but you see there are five of us, and I'm sure she wouldn't care to break the set."

"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a short time all the rivers of this country would dry up?"

"I should say," replied the patient man, "go thou and do likewise."

"How do you know that he married her for her money?"

"I've seen her."

It was in a small town, and the event of the year was to take place, namely, a children's fancy dress ball. The officious policeman stationed at the door had orders not to admit adults on any pretext whatever.

Shortly after the commencement of the ball a woman came breathlessly up to the door and demanded to be admitted.

"I'm sorry, missus," said the officer, "but I can't let no one in but children."

"But my little girl has gone as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and she has forgotten her wings."

"No matter," said the guardian of the law, "orders is orders; so you'll have to let her go as a blooming caterpillar!"

Mike and Pat were stopping over night in a city for the first time. Pat was awakened from his slumbers by a fire alarm, and got to the window just as a steam engine, with horses on a run, and smoke and sparks pouring from the stack, went by. A moment later, a second engine came in sight, tearing down the street. This was too much and the excited Irishman yelled: "Get up quick, Mike! They're moving hell! Two wagon loads have gone by already!"

Don't think that every sad-eyed woman you meet has loved and lost. She may have loved and got him.

HURON'S LAUGHS

A Cure.

Thinking to have a joke at the expense of his neighbor who was suffering with a toothache, Finerty said to him: "Pat what ails ye? Has a kissing bug been making love to ye, or do ye be cultivating cheek to strike a job on the police?"

"No, Finerty, I have a terrible toothache; it has me that crazy I don't know whether I'm a steam pump or a jumping-jack."

"Why don't you do what I do when I have toothache."

"What's that?"

"I go home to me wife, she puts her arms around me neck, kisses and hugs me, smooths me forehead, and I forget all about it. Why don't ye try it?"

"I will, Finerty. Is your wife home now?"

Would Rather Die.

A Hebrew falls into the river and is swimming ashore, when an Irishman shouts at him, don't you know there is a \$50 fine for swimming here! The Hebrew says, "I vont pay it," puts up his hands and sinks.

Ralph—Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when he asks her for a kiss?

Curtis—Take it without asking.

Ralph—Suppose she gets mad then?

Curtis—Then he's got some other fellow's girl.

How He Kept the Score.

Pat was keeping score for a bowling party in the White Mountains.

"How do I stand now, Pat?" asked one of the bowlers.

"Sure an' yer behind, sorr."

"How much?"

"How many? Let me see; there's thirteen and two. Ye've gotter make twinty-wan t' ketch up, an' thin ye'll be four ahead."

The Irish of It.

Nealy, from below; "Mike!"

Ducey, from above: "Phwat?"

Nealy: "Have yez a bit of sthring? Th' cover's off your dinner pail, an' a dog might ate yure grub."

Ducey: "Glang an' doan' be axin favors o' me phin yez refused me a bit o' tobacky an hour ago."

A Guess,

Patron (to laundryman)—John how did it happen that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in that last battle?

John—Notee know. Maybee bigee rain makee bad runnee.

"Johnnie," asked the minister, "what is the chief branch of education at your school?"

"Willow-branch, sir," replied Johnnie!

Mr. A.—Is this cigar offensive to you?

Laborer—No, I can stand it. I've just been cleaning out a sewer.

Revised Version.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,"
Is what they sang in former days,
But it's now another song;
The words we use are different,
Though fully as sublime:
"Man now wants everything in sight
And wants it all the time."

Virtue that Lost.

"No, sir," said the old gentleman, bringing his fist down hard on the desk in front of him, "I will never consent to my daughter's becoming the wife of a man who uses strong drink!"

"B—b—but," the trembling young man who stood twirling his hat and ever and anon stealing a glance at the door as if calculating the number of jumps he would have to make in reaching it hastily, "I never tasted liquor in my life."

Daniel Gettenhold looked up with suddenly awakened interest.

"Oh," he said, "never drank a drop, eh?"

"No, sir," Clarence Darlington replied, "I do not know the taste of the nasty stuff."

"Well, but I s'pose you smoke and chew tobacco. Them's more habits I don't like—'specially chew-in.' A man that chews tobacco is—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I have never used tobacco in any form. I never have even smoked a cigarette."

"Hm!" her father answered, "but you swear like a trooper, sometimes, I'll bet. Now, if there's anything I hate to have around the house it's a man that swears. Swearin' is a habit that no—"

"But I have never uttered an oath in all my life; I have never told a lie, nor said a word that I would be ashamed to have any lady hear. I——"

"Oh, confound it!" the old man explained, as he reached in his pocket, "here's a penny. Run out and buy yourself a stick of candy and don't bother me any more to-day. I'm busy."

Embarrassed.

"Men are such horrid, inconsiderate creatures," she exclaimed on her way home from the theatre. "You know I couldn't take this hat off without running the risk of spoiling it."

"Well, nobody said anything."

"No, but actions speak louder than words. And every time I glanced around the man behind me was craning his neck and deliberately looking as uncomfortable as he possibly could."

A dude remarked to a young lady: "Do you think your fathah would seriously object to my—aw marrying you?"

"Well," returned the young lady, energetically, "if he's anything like me, he would."

Tramp—Please, mum, would ye be so kind as to let me have a needle and thread?

Mrs. Suburb—Well, y-e-s, I can let you have that.

“Thankee, mum. Now, you’d oblige me very much if you’ll let me have a bit of cloth for a patch.”

“Well, here is some.”

“Thankee, mum; but it’s a different color from my travlin’ suit. Please, mum, could you spare me some of your husband’s old clothes that this patch will match?”

“Well, I declare! I’ll give you an old suit, however. Here it is.”

“Thankee, mum. I see it’s a little large, mum; but, if you’ll kindly furnish me with a square meal, mebbly I can fill it out.”

Popleigh—Say, old man, come up to the house tonight; we are going to have a little time—going to name the baby. My mother-in-law and the baby’s uncles and aunts are going to be there. I wish you would come.

Beenthere—You must excuse me, Popleigh: I never mix in family quarrels.

Stranger—So that’s your local sprinter, is it? I suppose he can outrun anything in the village.

Basswood Corners Grocer—Out-run anything in the village? That feller can outrun any six men we’ve got here, all at the same time! Iv’e seen him do it!

Mr. Hayrube, from the rural districts, went to the city not long ago to visit his nephew, and one day the two took dinner at a restaurant.

They had given their order and the young man was glancing at a paper which lay on the table, when he looked up and said:

“By the way, uncle, did you ever have cerebro-spinal meningitis?”

“No,” replied Mr. Hayrube, after a serious mental struggle with the question, “an’ what’s more, I don’t want any. I’d ruther have fried liver and bacon any day.”

“I’ve come to kill a printer,” said the little man. “Any printer in particular?” asked the foreman. “Oh, any one will do; I would prefer a small one, but I’ve got to make some sort of a bull at fight or leave home since the paper called my wife’s pink tea a ‘swill affair.’ ”

Some time ago little Walter had occasion to differ with his aunt upon some trifling matter. “I tell you,” said auntie playfully, “I know a few things.” “And I know as few things as anybody, I guess,” said Master Walter, indignantly.

“The war,” she said, reflectively, “brought about, or at least hurried, a great many marriages.” “True,” he replied, “but why dwell on the horrors of war?”

A Honeymoon Financier.

Judge Edwards of Lee county, who has married over a hundred couples since he has been ordinary, performed the ceremony recently for a runaway couple seated in a buggy in the public road.

The ceremony over, the groom fumbled in his pockets and fished up 36 cents.

"Jedge," he said, "this here's all the money I got in the roun' worl'. Ef you're a-mind to take it, you kin; but I'll say straight-for'ards that I'd done sot it aside fer the honeymoon expenses!"

Worried.

Host—My wife is worrying about there being thirteen at the table tonight.

Guest—Superstitious, eh?

Host—No; she has only a dozen silver knives and forks.

Left Suddenly.

Benson: That new girl of Henson's has left them already, without giving them a minute's warning.

Mrs. Benson: The idea.

Benson: Yes. She used kerosene on the fire.

Plain Evidence.

Wife—What shall we name the baby, John?

Husband—I have decided to leave that entirely to you, my dear.

"John, you've been drinking again."

Woman's Base Supicions.

"John, dear, hadn't you been drinking when you came home last night?"

"That's like a woman. Just because I had some little difficulty in getting in, because I couldn't pronounce a few words, because I took off my clothes in the drawing room and wore my silk hat to bed, why you rush off to the conclusion that I had been drinking."

Deacon Jackson (disgustedly) —
"Why is it dat it's always de littlest, no-account fishes dat's mos' ready to tackle de hook?"

Deacon Johnson—"Wha' I 'spose it's on de same principle dat it's always de littlest, no-account men dat's mos' ready to tackle big public questions."

"Do you think the Indians will ever be civilized?"

"Yes; Spotted Crow sent in a request the other day to have his name changed to Polka Dot."

Mrs. McSwatters—Why do men call it a stag party?

McSwatters—Well, it wouldn't sound well to call it a stagger party.

"This boy will never die in prison."

"Thank you kindly, sir."

"No; he's got the bump of longevity and will serve out his time."

Before and After.

She kissed a rose—a sweet red rose—

And dropped it to the floor;
He picked it up and pressed his lips

Where her's had been before.

"And may I keep it," he implored,
"To treasure all through life?"

She said he might, and later on
he won her for his wife.

She weeps to-day who kissed the
rose—

'Twas seven years ago—
Last night she asked him where it
was;

He said he didn't know.

Banks (pouring out a scant
finger)—"This whisky is twenty-
two years old."

Tanks—"Mighty small for its
age, isn't it?"

Gent—"Are the sandwiches fresh,
my boy?"

Country Boy—"Don't know, I'm
sure, sir. I've only been here a
week!"

Irate Father—"When I die I
shall leave you without a penny."

Calm Son—"Certainly. You
can't take money along, you
know."

Rachel (watching a squirrel with
both cheeks full of corn)—"Poor
little thing! He's got mumps on
both sides."

Mistress—"I thought I heard
voices in the kitchen, Mary. I'll
allow no strangers in the house."

Mary—"Bless you, ma'am, my
William ain't no stranger. He's a
very old friend."

Muldoon—"An' how did ye enjoy
Saint Patrick's day?"

O'Houlihan—"Foine. Wecracked
Casey's skull in th' marnin' an' at-
tinded his wake in th' avenin'."

"Got a talking machine at
home?"

"Yes."

"What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing; I married it."

Medium—"The spirit of your
wife wishes to speak with you."

Widower—"You're a fakir; my
wife never would ask permission to
speak to me."

Brokus—"I swore off on New
Year's day on general principles."

"Jokus—"How's that?"

Brokus—"Compulsory. Spent all
my money on Christmas."

"Mamma," said Margie, gravely
contemplating the family cow,
"bossy has some burrs in her
switch."

"I want a husband who is easily
pleased."

"Don't worry, dear; that is the
kind you'll get."

The Lion In a Fix.

A lion was skating at Christmas time on a river, when the ice gave way, and he fell in. He could just hold on to the edge of the thin ice, but could not get out. The jays and magpies swarmed round and chattered and shrieked, the geese came near and hissed, the monkeys grinned, the rooks gave the lion plenty of solemn advice, a donkey stood on the bank and brayed, dogs came up and barked and showed their teeth, the wolves howled, the crocodiles wept, the vultures hovered round and sharpened their beaks, the ravens croaked dismally, the parrots all exclaimed: "I told you so!" and the owls shrieked out that the lion would surely be drowned. And he would have been for all the help they gave him. But in the midst of the excitement an elephant walked silently and slowly to the spot, and, pulling up a tree by the roots, threw it out into the stream; so the lion clambered out, while the elephant held the tree by the roots. The other birds and beasts soon disappeared, excepting a cock, which stood on the bank and crowed very loudly as the lion shook himself. "Ah," said the lion, after he had thanked the elephant, "for all your crowing, Mr. Cock, I don't see that you helped me much more than the croakers and the chatterers, and the rest of the crew. I see that it is not the noisy and the talkative animals in

this world who give the most help and do the most service."

Moral: Don't expect anything practical from the croakers or the cowers or the chatterers.

"As I understand it," remarked the intelligent foreigner, "You Americans regard George Washington's hatchet as an emblem of truth?"

"Yes, sir, that's right," replied the American, proudly.

"Then, when statesmen or other individuals who have quarreled, bury the hatchet, I suppose they cease to speak the truth?"

Dibbs (facetiously)—This is a picture of my wife's first husband.

Dobbs—Great snakes! What a brainless looking idiot! But I didn't know your wife was married before she met you?

Dibbs—She wasn't. That is a picture of myself at the age of 20.

"They do quarrel about trifles, but I'm not sure that is a bad sign."

"It isn't?"

"Well, it may indicate that they have nothing else to quarrel about."

"So they were divorced, eh?"

"Yes; incompatibility of temper."

"How did it come about?"

"Well, you see, he had the incompatibility and she had the temper."

His Opinion.

"I heard a feller braggin' the other day," said the Kohack philosopher, "that he was the great-great-great—and mebbby some more—grandson of General What's-his-name, that fell off from the Bunker Hill monument, or something of the kind, and he seemed to consider that the said fact made him a good deal better than common people. I didn't make any remarks at the time, but as I looked him and recollected that he had never done anything more meritorious than just to live, and wasn't any too scrupulous about payin' his debts, and that he smoked siggyrets and played the mandolin some and made his humble but useful feller-citizens unanimously tired, I thought these things about him: The first was that mebbe he was lyin'; the second was that if he really was a grandson at all of the illustrious patriot before mentioned it was just about as likely that he was only a small-small-small, and so on, one; and the third thing I thought was that this 'ere confounded endless-chain relationship business has been just about run into the ground, anyhow.

"A man'd a durn sight better be figgerin' on what kind of an ancestor he'll make than forever drivelin' about his forefathers."

"Are you fond of corn on the ear?"

"I never had one there."

Force of Habit.

Miss Jackson—"So yo' don't fink Mistah Johnson will be a success behin' de bat?"

Mr. Whitewash—"No. Yo' see a catcher am expected to run like de dickens an' catch a fowl; but Johnson am in de habit ob catchin' de fowl first an' den runnin' like de dickens."

His Honor—"But, my good woman, the prisoner himself seems a little damaged. What happened after he struck you the first time?"

The Lady—"Why, then he swiped me the third time, yer honor."

His Honor—"You mean the second time, don't you?"

The Lady—"Not much, yer honor. The second time I swiped him!"

A gentleman insisted in public that if a man married a very clever wife they would live a cat and dog life.

"But, sir," said his son afterwards, "mother is' exceedingly clever, and yet your life has not been cat and dog."

"No, my boy," said the father, "that is' quite' true. It was all cat."

Judge—"What year were you born?"

Old Maid—"In the year 1870."

Judge—"Before or after Christ?"

An Englishman was given up by his clergyman, who acted both as medical and spiritual adviser and the last thing he said to him was "Harry, love your neighbor, and fear no man." "Well," said Harry, "is there any Irish in Heaven?" "Of course there is," said the good doctor, "there are lots of good Irish up in Heaven." "Well then," said Harry, "if I die I will forgive Monahan for stealin' my boiled shirt, but, if I live that terrier better look out."

Life's Compensation.

"You can't spell long words like 'hippopotamus' and 'parallelogram,'" said the little boy who wore spectacles and a sailor suit.

"Well," answered the boy who was leading a dog by a piece of rope, dat's where I'm lucky: I don't have to."

Art Note.

Lady of the House—For heaven's sake Bridget, what do you mean by washing your feet at ten o'clock in the morning?

Bridget—Shure, mum, Oi'm goin' to the photographer this afternoon.

Little boy—Say, Jimmy, we are going to have a rotunda on our house.

Jimmy—Pshaw, that's nothing; I heard my pop say we are going to have a mortgage on ours.

Smirking up to his mother one day, Tommy said:

"Mamma, haven't I been a good boy since I began going to Sunday School?"

"Yes, my lamb," answered the mother fondly.

"And you trust me now, don't you, ma?"

"Yes darling."

"Then what makes you keep the mince pies locked up in the pantry the same as ever?"

Says Norah to Pat, "the other night, when I was up to O'Sullivan's you said you was going to get work next week at 17.85 Per. Now phat the divil did you mean by Per." "Why," says Pat, "you ould Goose, don't you see into it, it means '*Perhaps*.'"

The landlord came in to Mrs. O'Hooligan's on the first day of May last, and said: "See here, my foine loidy, I am going to raise your rent." "Oh thanks be to the Lord," said Mrs. O'Hooligan, "I'm so glad that you intend to raise it for me as Dan ain't workin' an' the Divil no a job it is to raise it myself."

Mamma (plying the strap)—"There, there and there. Now, don't let me catch you in the pantry again." Tommy—"Boo, hoo! I tried not to let you catch me this time."

Why They Desired Him.

Chuck Murphy—"Say, kim over an' umpire a game uv ball for us, will yer?"

Algernon van Squirt—"Why really, I know nothing whatever about baseball."

Chuck Murphy—"Dat's why we wants yer. De community kin better afford ter lose you dan a learned person."

Irate Customer—"That bill is incorrect, sir you will have to alter it!"

Suave Clerk—"Certainly; what's wrong with it?"

Irate Customer—"I'm charged for a gentleman's traveling case—"

Suave Clerk—"All right; we will strike out the word gentleman."

Inspector—"I came to tell you that your policy will lapse 'if you do not at once pay your premium."

"Farmer—"Well, I'm sorry, but, I've been insured in your company for seven years and nothing has happened to me yet, so I'm going to try another place."

Visitor—Seeking board—"Say young man; where is the landlord who runs this summer retreat?"

Young man — Churning — "Ef yer lookin' fer dad yer'll find him daown ter the barn with the rest o' the cattle. He's got chin whiskers an' stutters."

Weary Willie—"Ah, lady, I've often eaten jes' such pie as dis in my dreams."

Mrs. Handout — "In your dreams?"

"Yes, lady; an' den woke up an' found I wuz bitin a car-truck or suthin'."

Real Estate Agent—"You should have a house of your own, Mrs. Cooney. What you would save in rent would soon pay for the house!"

Mrs. Cooney—"Oh, I'd save nothing in rent, Mr. Rooney, but Oi'd save in movin expinsis."

"Miss Highblower — "Strange we have never met before. I have moved in society now for five years."

Miss Van Antler—"Up or down?"

Mr. Brown—"They say old Deacon Skinner leads a double life."

Mrs. Brown—"Gracious me!"

Mr. Brown—"A happy life at his office and a dog's life at home."

"I was so tipsy that when I met you and Jones together I couldn't tell you apart; that is, at first."

"How did you at last?"

"Jones offered me a cigar."

"I wonder how it is that men succeed who mind only their own business."

"Because there is so little competition."

A Pair of Liars.

A good story is going the round of the clubs. A certain very smart stock broker was appointed captain in one of the Irish militia battalions. He was warned that the plausible old soldiers of this new company would get the better of him. He only smiled at the idea. Soon after the regiment was embodied the color sergeant came to his captain's room with an old soldier, who wished to speak to the officer. The man was admitted and explained that he had heard from his wife, who was ill, and—"if you plaze, sor, can I have 48 hours lave?" "You say you have heard from your wife," said the captain, smelling a rat, and beginning to turn up some imaginary correspondence on his table. "I have heard from her, too, and she asks me not to give you leave, for you only go home to get drunk and break the furniture. "She wrote that, sor?" "Yes." "And does that mean, sor, that I can't have me lave?" "It does." The man saluted and went to the door, then turning suddenly round he said: "If you plaze, sor, may I say something confidential between man and man?" "Well, what is it?" answered the captain. "Why, sor, under this roof are two of the most elegant liars that the Lord ever ever made—I'm not a married man."

In Arkansaw.

A commercial traveler relates in the Cincinnati Enquirer that he once arrived in a small settlement in Arkansas, and at once repaired to the Eagle House, which was situated on the outskirts of the town, on the bank of a small stream. After a dinner of side meat and corn bread the drummer lighted a cigar and the proprietor said: "Stranger, is thar anything we 'uns kin do foh you all?" Thinking to confound his host, the drummer answered: "Well, yes; come to think of it, I'd like to have a bath." The proprietor let his feet drop from the railing upon which he had hoisted them, disappeared in the house, and returned in a moment with a huge tin cup full of soft soap, a rough towel, and a pick and shovel, which he offered to the drummer. "What's the pick and shovel for?" the stranger asked. "Wal," answered the landlord, "th' watuh's low and yo' all'll hev to dam up th' creek."

Mrs. Startuppe—"Ah, Professor! And how is my daughter getting on with her music? Do you think she will ever become a great singer?"

Professor—"Madam, it is very hard to say."

Mrs. Startuppe—"But surely she possesses some of the qualifications?"

Professor—"Ach! Yah, madam; she has a mouth."

Proverbs.

Activity is not always industry.

A poor servant makes a hard master.

A quiet mule is better than a balky horse.

Patience will cure more pains than physic.

A woman is never afraid to marry a man who likes cats.

No one who is fit for heaven wants to go there alone.

Mediocrity can talk, but it takes a genius to get listened to.

Be grateful for your blessings and it will make your trials look small.

To be contented with what we have is about the same as to own the earth.

A warm-hearted preacher will generally find a way to warm up a cold church.

The only right way to win a woman is to make her think she wants to win you.

A man can always be sure that two or three other women will know exactly what he says when he proposes.

Making love to a woman is a lot like going fishing—you better take more bait than you think you'll need.

When a girl tells a man she dreamed about him last night it is a sign she is going to begin calling him by his first name.

Before you go in for matrimony you want to bear in mind there is a great difference between yearning

for a young woman and earning for her.

If men's clothes were sewed together the way the average woman's are no man could walk a block without getting arrested.

When a man has a tooth pulled he feels lonesome until his wife has coaxed him to say that it really did hurt.

A woman's idea of making home attractive is to fill it full of crazy little tables which fall over when a man looks at them.

There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, but there is only one between a man and the sidewalk.

A man places such a high value on woman's virtue that he invariably wants to take it into his own keeping lest some rascal shall rob her of it.

An Irishman, in speaking of an acquaintance, said he was condemned to be hanged, but saved his life by dying the day before the execution.

The man who makes money is respected only for the manner in which he spends it.

A nice child is one that believes in Santa Claus after he has been told there isn't any.

It's a good thing for humanity that babies can't tell what they think when cutting teeth.

He who runs may read, but if he's running for office the less he has to say the better.

One on the Lawyer.

Counsel (to witness)—“How can you prove that the prisoner stole six of your handkerchiefs?”

“Why, because they were my handkerchiefs that were found upon him. Look at them for yourself. They are exactly the same as mine.”

“That proves nothing. I have some handkerchiefs like those.”

“That's quite possible, several more of mine are missing.”

“What did Benson mean to-day when he remarked that he had taken a bookkeepers lunch?”

“Oh, he likely dined at one of those table d'hote joints where you get a bottle of red ink, a blotter for a napkin and eat your soup with a fountain pen.”

Star Boarder—“Madam, are you quite sure that this is the kind of pie that mother used to make?”

Landlady — “Quite sure, Mr. Snapper. Why do you ask?”

Star boarder—“I thought perhaps that it was the same pie.”

“I really got a good square meal at our boarding house today.”

“Oh, come, now!”

“Fact: Bordon and I tossed up to see who should take both our portions and I won.”

Some people aim high, but lack the necessary ammunition.

Nazr-Eddin-Hoja hung up his clothes in the window when he went to bed.

In the night he awoke and mistook them for a thief, and shot at them again and again. In the morning he was filled with horror at finding his clothes full of bullet holes.

“Allah, I thank thee,” he said, “that I was not inside that shirt.”

Aunt Jane—I suppose your young man will be calling tonight as usual?

Edith—Oh, no, he won't be here this evening. The lovers' Union have declared a strike, and there will be no more courting until the girls concede longer hours.

“Bluffley told me he was going out every day this week to see if he couldn't find work.”

“Yes, and he was successful.”

“That so?”

“Yes; he couldn't find it.”

Aubrey—“Youah daughtah has consented to mawy me, and—er—I'd like to know if there is any insanity in youah family?”

Old Gentleman (emphatically)
“There must be!”

Scribbler—I am writing a book called “How to live on “Five Hundred Dollars a year.”

Scrawler—Whats your object?

Scribbler—To get the \$500.

Not Dead.

Two Irishmen were working in a quarry when one of them fell into a deep quarry hole. The other, alarmed, came to the margin of the hole and called out, "Array, Pat, are ye killed intirely? If ye're dead, spake." Pat reassured him from the bottom by saying, "No, Tim, I'm not dead, but I'm speechless."

Irish Time.

Time-keeper: "Look here, Donovan, I can't understand how you made seventeen hours on Thursday."

Donovan—"Shure, Oi shtarted two hours before Oi began, and Oi wurrked all dinner toime whin Oi was restin', and after Oi left off Oi wurrked for two hours more, an' that makes me toime out."

Farmer's Boy—"Father, kin I go to the minstrels tonight with Homespun?"

Farmer—"Naw. 'Taint more'n a month sense yer went t' top o' the hill to see the eclipse of the moon. 'Pears to me yew want'er be on the go the hull time."

"What must a man be that he shall be buried with military honors?"

"He must be a Captain."

"Then I lose the bet."

"What did you bet?"

"I bet he must be dead."

Irish Mix.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to the master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.

"How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?"

"I raly don't know, sir: but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

Weary Willie—"I read an absorbing article in the Herald today."

Dusty Rhodes—"What was it about?"

Weary Willie—"Why, a sponge."

Dusty Rhodes—"Well, well! They've been writing up your brother again, have they?"

Conductor—"How old is your boy?"

Mrs. Cohen—"He is just five next July."

Conductor (suspiciously)—"He looks older than that."

Mrs. Cohen—"Ah! de poor liddle feller. He's hed lots of drouble."

"John Jones caught the hay fever from dancing with a grass widow."

"Wanted—A man on a farm. Must speak French and German and understand horses and cows."

Tear It Up.

Secretary Stanton was once greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or at all events, had not obeyed. "I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, and give that man a piece of my mind." "Do so," said Lincoln, "write it now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up." Stanton did not need a second invitation. It was a bone-crusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe, "that's a good one." "Whom can I get to send it by," mused the Secretary. "Send it!" replied Lincoln, "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do."

Bacon—And you say the young people ran away and got married?

Egbert—Yes, two days ago.

Bacon—Have they anything to begin housekeeping with?

Egbert—Yes; two of the finest appetites I ever saw in my whole life.

"Yes," said the Chairman sadly, "our temperance meeting last night would have been more successful if the lecturer had not been so absent minded." "What did he do?" "He tried to blow the foam from a glass of water."

"Sure an' I see they've been printin' the funeral notice of another man phwhat wasn't dead yit. An' phwat a divil uv a fix he wud uv been in if he had bin one o' these people that always believes iverything in the newspapers."

Miss Gabbey—I suppose it was the kisses he stole from Mrs. Gidday on the porch that evening that started all this scandal.

Mr. Short—Not at all. It was the gossips who saw the kisses stolen.

"You see that prosperous looking man over there? He robbed me of the best chance of becoming rich I ever had."

"How did it happen?"

"He refused to let me marry his daughter."

Puck—I thought Cholly's father started him in business?"

"He did, but the business was so dull that Cholly had to get an alarm clock to wake himself up when it was time to go home."

She—Bees will not hurt you if they know you.

He—Well, I'm sorry I was not introduced to one I met last summer, then; that's all I've got to say.

"Daddy," asked little Jack, "where does a snake begin when he wants to wag his tail?"

Composition on Pants.

Pants are made for men, and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman, and a woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last. Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. Men are often mistaken in pants: such mistakes are breeches of promise. There has been much discussion whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants it is plural, and when they don't wear any pants it is singular. Men go on a tear in their pants, and it is all right; when the pants go on a tear it is all wrong. If you want to make pants last, make the coat first.

The New Woman.

Book Agent—Madam, I have here a work on "Women's Clubs." I would like to——

Business Woman—See here! I've got a woman's club right here, and if you don't scatter you'll know more about the work of woman's clubs than you do now.

Stout Woman (in the country, wishing to be weighed)—Do you think that thing will bear my weight?

Intelligent Farmer—I guess so. We weigh all our old cows on these scales.

In the Country.

They had but recently been married, and the young husband was airing his wit before his bride. An old deaf man, unknown to the bride, was just passing.

"I say," said the husband, addressing the old man, "you old bald-headed idiot, did you know your hat wasn't on straight?"

"Why, Charlie?" interrupted the bride.

"Good evening," said the old man, halting, and unconscious of the insult. "May I ask you if you saw a big red calf come along this road a minute or two ago? I've lost sight of him, but I thought I heered him holler."

Easy

I'll bet you a case of champagne that you won't answer 'yes' to three questions I'll ask you."

"I'll take the bet."

"Were you ever in jail?"

"Yes."

"Was your father hung?"

"Yes."

"If I lose this bet will you pay for the champagne?"

"Yes."

Mistress (greatly scandalized): "Is it possible, Hannah, you are making bread without having washed your hands?"

New Kitchen Girl "Lor', what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread."

A Puzzled Frenchman.

Count de Cognac—(traveling in America and incidentally wrestling with our language)—Ze Anglish tongue, it was zimplee incomprehensible! I go to ze brokare's office and ask for my friend, Mistaire Smeeth, and one man he tell me Mistaire Smeeth was "fired," and when I ask what zat man another man say that he was "frozen out."

Hay Fever.

Hoolihan—"Phwat's the matter wid yez, Curran?"

Curran—"It's the hayfaver Oi hov."

"Hoolihan—"An' how did yez get it?"

Curran—"From shlapin' on a shtraw bed, av coorse. Any ould fool'd know thot."

Commercial Item.

Mose Schaumburg (to his son Jakey)—How many was twice two, Jakey?

Jakey—"Tervice two ish six.

"You are wrong, Jakey. Six vas too mooch."

"Don't I know det, fadder, already some times ago. But I shoost said six so dot you could Chew me down to four."

Dr. Park—"My mission is saving girls."

Flyboy—"Save a couple for me, Parson."

Early Riser.

"Pat, you must be an early riser, I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."

"Indade, an' Oi am, sir. It's a family thrait, Oi do be thinkin'."

"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"

"Me feyther, is it! Faix, an he roises that early that ef he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in the mornin'."

The meanest man on record is said to live in Shrewsbury, Mass. He sold his son-in-law one-half a cow, and then refused to divide the milk, maintaining that he sold only the front half. The buyer was also required to provide the feed the cow consumed, and compelled to carry water to her three times a day. Recently, the cow hooked the old man, and now he is suing his son-in-law for damages."

"What's a corporation?"

"You ain't no corporation."

"Why not?"

"If you owe a man money you got to pay it, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're no corporation."

"Waiter, what have you to eat?"

"Well, I've got pigs' feet and —"

"Stop! Stop! Don't tell me your misfortunes, I want to know what you have to eat."

Jimmie's mother dies and his father gives him two dollars to buy flowers for the funeral. At the wake, a free fight is indulged in with the result that the corpse is disarranged and presents anything but an attractive appearance. The old man gazes ruefully at the sight and then says to Jimmie: "Look at that Jimmie! Didn't I give you two dollars to buy flowers for your poor mother's funeral, so she'd look nice going to Heaven? Look at her now Jimmie. She ain't fit to go to h—ll."

An Irish Letter.

An Irishman wrote thus to the wife of a sick brother: "If Jamie isn't dead yet, remoid him of the tin dollars he owes me on the pigs; and if he is, tell him not to give himself any consarn about it."

Without Thinking.

"What do you expect to be when you become of age, my little man?" asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one, sir," was the bright one's reply.

My wife's father is a policeman. When he goes to church and they pass the contribution box, he shows his badge.

Dusty—"This climate disagrees with my mother-in-law."

Rhodes—"Does it? Well it's the most courageous thing I ever saw."

Sage—"Have you another cigar like the one you gave me yesterday?"

Morgan—"Yes. Here's one."

Sage—"Thanks. I'm trying to break my boy of smoking."

Customer—"If that coat cost you eleven dollars how can you afford to sell it for three?"

Baxter—"Sh! Sh—sh, mine frendt! I sell so many. That's where I make."

Tramp—In a butcher shop—"Give me a pound of dog meat."

Butcher—After looking him over critically—"Yes, sir, shall I wrap it up?"

Mrs. Goldstein—"Vat shell ve gif liddle Abie for de birthday?"

Goldstein—"Vash de vindow und let him look oud unt see de hoss cars go py."

"I'm a philosopher, but I'm not a philosophical philosopher, because I do not philosophize upon the philosophy that philosophical philosophers philosophize upon."

Mrs. Kelly—"Is your daughter a finished musician?"

Mrs. Riley—"Not yet, but the neighbors are making threats."

"Pat, how's your wife?"

Pat—"Dead, I thank yer honor. How's your own?"

A Parting Shot.

"Perhaps it is best, after all," remarked the rejected suitor as he lingered in the hall. "A man of 25 would soon tire of a wife who hovered around the 32 mark."

"Why, Mr. Ardent," said the woman in the case, "how very ungallant of you to insinuate that I am 32."

"Well, perhaps you are not," he replied, "but it certainly struck me that you were somewhere near the freezing point."

He Spoke Too Late.

Unwelcome Suitor—"That's a lovely song. It always carries me away."

She—"If I had known how much pleasure it could give us both I would have sung it earlier in the evening."

"I invited Puss Pilkington to go with me to hear one of those illuminated song recitals and she refused me point blank."

"Don't you know why? She was singing 'What Is Home Without a Mother' a few nights ago and her father came in and told her he had just married the cook."

"What? Fizzlewig a lawyer? Has he the face to set himself up in that business?"

"Yes, he has. And if he had the head to back it up he'd make the best lawyer in this town."

His Duty.

Yallerby—"Jim Jackson always helps his wife on washin' day."

Darkley—"What's he do?"

Yallerby—"When de clo's am on de line Jim watches dem so dey won't be stole."

A Bad Sign.

Mistress—"Bridget, are you superstitious? Bridget—"Well, mun, Oi t'ink it's unlucky to break a lookin'-glass. Oi broke de parlor mirror in de lasht place Oi lived in, an' lost me job."

First Hobo—"Hear dat dulcet girlish voice singin' 'My Mother Was a Lady!' W'ich house does it come from?"

Second Hobo—"Well, it's a hundred to one shot it comes from dat house where de poor ole rheumatic mother is scrubbin' down the front steps wid a mop-rag."

"George," she cried, demurely, "you kissed me as we passed through that tunnel!"

"I—a—indeed, I did not," he stammered.

"Then why didn't you?" she demanded.

Caller—Excuse me, can I speak to your typewriter a moment?

City Man—You can't; she's engaged.

Caller—"That's all right—I'm the fellow."

Clergyman — visiting prison—
 “Why are you here, my misguided friend?”

Prisoner—“I’m the victim of the unlucky number thirteen.”

Clergyman — “Indeed; how’s that?”

Prisoner — nonchalantly —
 “Twelve jurors and one judge.”

Principal—No, Miss Jollie, you cannot go. You know very well that you are forbidden to drive with young men unless you are engaged to them.

The Girl—Yes, I know that, but if you’ll let me go I’ll promise you I will be before I get back.

Dr. Pillem—“Your daughter doesn’t appear to have any organic disease.”

Mr. Costigan—“To be shure there’s no organic disease. It’s a blamed ould pianny thot’s killin’ her.”

Benham—“Well, if you want to know it, I married you for your money.”

Mrs. Benham—“I wish I could tell as easily what I married you for.”

Miss Newly—From the city, suddenly coming upon a flock of chickens—“I shouldn’t think one hen could give milk enough for so many little ones. What do you feed her on, grandpa”

On the Alps.

She—“Oh, what a lovely view. I cannot understand how you can remain so apathetic in view of one of Nature’s wondrous works. Don’t you feel anything?”

He—“Oh, yes. Thirsty.”

A mistress told her maid, Betsy, that she must not always do things on her own responsibility, but first ask permission. The next day Betsy walked into the parlor and said, politely:

“Please, madam, the cat is busy eating up the duck in the pantry; must I drive her away or not?”

Terry—“Go on an’ laugh, yez flat-chisted orang-outang; Oi’m bether arf thin yez are. Oi may be drunk, but Oi can git over thot—but yez’re a (hic) dom fool an’ yez can’t git over thot!”

I never could understand why some of these people who are always saying “I’d just give the world for that,” are so often behind with their board bills.

Hojack—“Have you heard from the baseball grounds?”

Tomdik—“Yes.”

Hojack—“Who won, our club or the umpire.”

When a brakeman goes to a dentist, he says he is going up to have the slats in his pilot fixed.

His Daughter's Forethought.

She is a fair young thing, no matter whether she lives in Brooklyn or Kalamazoo, and she knows a young man who is all the world to her, albeit the world might not hold her choice in such esteem as she herself holds it. When a fair young thing is in that condition it matters little to her where she lives. The only shadow on her sweet young life is cast by her respected father, who is, or was, not favorably inclined to the object of her choice. Just what he thinks now is not yet definitely ascertained. The fair young thing had an interview with her father the other evening.

"So," he said, severely, "you have accepted that young smug, have you?"

"To all intents and purposes, papa," she admitted freely.

"You ought to know better than that," he grumbled. "Don't you know he is a very improper young man—that he plays cards for money and bets on horse races?"

"Yes, papa."

"And he has only \$12 a week salary?"

"I know it, papa."

"And how do you suppose he is ever going to support you on that sum?"

"He isn't, papa."

"He isn't?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he isn't looking to me to support him, is he?"

She smiled softly.

"No," she hesitated; "not exactly, papa, but he says if you'll keep on playing poker with him three nights in the week, there won't be any trouble about our getting along beautifully."

"How is it, Bro'r Williams," said the colored parson, "dat you shet yo' eye tight w'en de collection hat is gwine 'roun'? Answer me dat!"

Brother," replied Bro'r Williams, "w'en you's a-preachin' you th'ows so much light on de subject dat hit blinds me—dat's why."

"In my opinion," he said, "women ought to remove their hats in church the same as they do in the theatres."

"How," she asked, "do you know that they don't?"

It was at this time that the wild, hunted look got into his eyes.

Mr. Kawdle—"I wish you wouldn't interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you are talking?"

Mrs. Kawdle—"No, you wretch! You go to sleep."

"Poor old Henpeck leads a dog's life with his wife."

"Well, why on earth doesn't he apply for a divorce?"

"He says he wanted to, but she wouldn't let him."

A Model Juror.

Judge Cowing of New York is one of those judges who understands the business. They were securing a jury in his court the other day and all the lawyers were talking at once. The judge leaned back in his chair and waited, when an old German got up in the jury box and said:

"Shudge, I vant to go home to my family."

"You can't; you're on the jury."

"Vell, I don't vant to stop on der jury, I understand not vat dose lawyer say."

"Well, nobody else does either. Sit down. You are the right kind of a juryman."

How a Woman Does It.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down.

Enters conductor, asks fare.

Woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel.

Offers dime, receives nickel.

Opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel.

Stop the car, please.

Personal—If the man whose wife I ran away with two months ago will call and get her, all will be forgiven.

Hear Him Rave!

Casey was dying and sent for a lawyer to make his will. His wife was in the room and the following conversation ensued:

"State your affairs briefly," said the lawyer.

"Timothy Brown owes me fifty dollars."

"Good," said the prospective widow, "sensible to the last."

"John Casey owes me thirty-seven dollars."

"Sensible to the last," put in the old lady again.

"To Michael Kelly I owe three hundred dollars."

"Ah," said the old woman, "hear him rave."

Bull in a Well.

Pat, who is being lowered into a well: "Sthop, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up agin."

Murphy, still letting him down: "Phat for?"

Pat: "Oi'll show ye. Af ye don't sthop lettin' me doon oi'll cut the rope."

"Johnny," queried the teacher of the new pupil, "do you know your alphabet?"

"Yes'm," answered Johnny.

"Well, then," continued the teacher, "what letter comes after A?"

"All the rest of 'em," was the triumphant reply.

Uninspired Remarks.

I. Blessed is the man with the big head; for he has a good opinion of himself.

II. Blessed is he who thinks he knows it all; for he believes his wisdom rules the earth.

III. Blessed is the moss-back; for he furnishes food for the thoughts of the wise.

IV. Blessed is the man with the large mouth; for he is long-winded and never wearies.

V. Blessed is the man who knows a little of everything; for he is in ignorance of his close relationship to the ass.

VI. Blessed is the smart Aleck who thinks he has no equal; for he furnishes amusement to those who know a little.

VII. Blessed is the hypocrite who professes great friendship; for he can lie about his friends without exciting suspicion.

VIII. Blessed is the man who believes he roosts on the top rung of the ladder; for he can bump his head in the attic of his own egotism and not feel it.

"Now," said the lawyer, who was conducting the cross-examination, will you please state how and where you first met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want facts here. We don't care what

you think, and we haven't any time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."

The witness made no reply.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer, "I demand an answer to my question."

Still no response from the witness.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the Court, "I think I am entitled to an answer to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the Court in impressive tones.

"Can't," said the lady.

"Why not?"

"The Court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"

"No."

"Then there is no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."

So they called the next witness.

Lawyer—Do you know the reputation of Mrs. Riley for truth and veracity?

Witness—Wall, squire, I guess she'll tell the truth; but about her veracity—well, now, some say she would and some say she wouldn't."

"Ikey, change the sky-light. Here's a customer wants a blue suit."

Easy Critics.

"I am going to sing at the Fro-bishers'."

"How lucky you are."

"Why so?"

"They don't know one tune from another."

The Cummingsville Sage.

"A woman," said the Cummingsville sage, "does not think a dress correct if she is perfectly comfortable in it, while a man hasn't much faith in medicine that does not taste bad."

Ups and Downs.

Mrs. Peck (hearing a racket in the hall)—What are you up to now, Henry?

Mr. Peck (feebly)—I'm not up to anything, my dear. I just fell down stairs.

"Didn't you say," inquired the Mormon, "that marriage is a lottery?"

"Yes."

"Well sir, having admitted this, I don't see how you can reasonably dispute a man's right to take as many chances as he thinks he can afford."

Farmer (to young thief)—What are you doing under the tree with that apple?

Bright Boy—I was just going to climb up the tree to put back this apple, which, I see, has fallen down.

A Wise O'fver.

Tommy—My papa gave me a \$5 bill on Christmas.

Johnny—What did you do with it?

Tommy—I loaned it to him the next day.

How He Got Out of It.

"Swore off on New Year's, did you?"

"No. Got Brown to swear for me, but he's such a liar nobody believes him. I'm all right. What'll you take?"

Soft Sawder.

"When I was discharged my employer let me down easy."

"How so?"

"He said I could get work more readily than an inferior man."

Mose Mossbunker—Yo' say yo' seen a bulldog wif five legs las' night? Yo' mus' hab been drinkin'.

Eph Easyroost—Yais, I was, or I wouldn' hab kicked him. Yo' see, on'y four ob dem legs was his own. De odder one was mine, an' he had it in his mouth.

"Woman," said the sentimental man, "is the holiday in the life of man."

"Yes," remarked the Coarsely Sarcastic Individual, "and I have noticed that after a man takes that kind of a holiday he has to hustle all the rest of his life."

Scored Last.

There was only one vacant seat in the rear car of the "L" train when the woman with the resolute look and pointed nose came in.

It was by the side of a man with a soiled face and watery eye, but she took it.

After sitting a few moments in silence she elevated her chin, looked from side to side, and sniffed audibly.

A few moments later she repeated the operation, looking with unspeakable severity at the man by her side.

Apparently she had located the disturbance, what ever it was.

"Beg y'r pardon, ma'am," said the person with the watery eye, "are you h'mph! h'mphing at me?"

"I am, sir!" she replied.

"What 'smatter, ma'am?"

"I think it's a shame!"

"What say, ma'am?"

"I say I think it's a shame for a man like you to come into a car and seat himself among decent people!"

"Think 'tis, ma'am?"

"I do, sir! You are drunk. You are offensive! I say its a shame for such a man to thrust himself in among respectable people!"

"Beg y'r pardon, ma'am, but I didn't thrust myself in here by you. I was already here when you came in."

"If I had a husband like you," she said, with concentrated scorn,

"I'd give him poison!"

"Mad'm," he replied, looking her over with a feeble sort of smile, "if I had a wife like you I'd take it."

And she elevated her chin some more, but didn't say anything.

What is more pathetic than to see the simple faith with which a bald-headed man will buy an infallible hair restorer from a bald-headed barber.

Patience—Did you notice how proud Pattie acted with her new engagement ring?" Patrice—"Yes; she always does act that way when she first gets them."

"And there is nothing more between us?" he asked

"No, Harry, dear," she replied, nestling against his shoulder. "I can't get any closer to you."

Max—"I know a girl that got a pearl out of an oyster."

Gus—"That's nothing, my sister got a diamond necklace out of a lobster."

"Sure, Pat, and why are ye wearin' yer coat buttoned up loike that on a warm day loike this?"

"Faith, yer riverence, to hoide the shirt Oi haven't got on."

A man will protect a woman against every man but himself.

The Day for Him to Remember.

Mr. Boomer was talking over the events of the day with Mrs. B. There was one event he omitted, however. He said nothing about stopping on the way home and imbibing two artistically mixed cocktails.

"Yes," said Mr. Boomer in his glib and eager way, "they nearly stole a march on us, but I'm glad to say their designs were neatly frustrated."

"What's that?" inquired Mrs. B. a little sharply.

Mr. Boomer was a trifle taken aback. But he speedily rallied.

"I say their designs were neatly frstrated."

"Were what?"

"Neatly frushtrated."

"Neatly what?"

"Flushtrated."

Mr. Boomer breathed hard.

"What's the matter with the word?" he harshly queried.

"What word?" inquired the merciless Mrs. B.

"What word?" echoed Mr. Boomer.

"Yes, what word?"

Mr. Boomer swallowed a hard lump in his throat.

"Fushtrated," he cried in a defiant tone.

"It's a new word to me," said Mrs. B. in her placid voice, but there was a dangerous gleam in her eye.

"I guess it's an undisputed fact

that there are several words in the English language that are new to you," said Mr. Boomer, with a fine sarcastic accent.

"If you could pronounce it twice alike," said Mrs. B., "I might have some inkling of its identity."

"Pronounce what twice alike?" demanded Mr. Boomer.

"That word."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Boomer in a withering tone, "perhaps you think I can't do it?"

"I'm sure you can't," said Mrs. B.

Mr. B. drew in a lot of breath.

"Listen, he said. Then he added with painful slowness: Fuzz-ta-ted! flush-tra-ded! How's that?"

Mrs. B. bit off her thread with a violent snap.

"John Boomer," she said, "next Sunday is the one day of all the year especially set aside for swearing off. Don't forget it."

Mr. Boomer was so mad that he snatched up his hat and went to bed.

Couldn't Blame Him.

"What," thundered Mr. Meeker's wife, "do you think of this man who married three wives, and then wants to come to congress?"

"Well, Henrietta," he answered, as he gloomily tapped the edge of the table, "I dunno's I blame him for wanting to get away from home and come to Washington for a little while."

Domestic Diplomacy.

"John," said Mrs. Brown to her husband as he was about to start down town, "I want you to stop in at Nickle & Whooper's on your way and buy me six yards of ribbon like this sample. Be sure to get exactly the same shade, for those shop girls are so lazy and indifferent that they will give you the first thing that comes to hand if you don't watch them closely, and then they are never willing to rectify their mistakes. Besides, I must have the ribbon this evening, for I want to use it the first thing tomorrow. Now don't send that stupid office-boy of yours to get it; he would be sure to blunder. You need not tell me you haven't time, either. It won't take you a minute to run in there, and you won't have to hunt all over the place looking for the ribbon-counter, for I'll tell you exactly where it is."

"Oh, I know where it is," interrupted John. "That's where that pretty little brunette is. I can find place all right—don't worry about that. And I won't forget it, either. Six yards, did you say?"

"John," said Mrs. Brown in freezing accents, "you need not trouble yourself. I don't believe you would be able to match the ribbon. Besides, I want to see that pretty shop-girl, so I think I will attend to the matter myself."

Enthusiasm accomplishes much.

Lawyer — You say that you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?

Witness— I was, sir.

Lawyer—Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?

Witness—I don't know what he called it; but I took what the rest of them did.

Mickey Hooley—"T'row a rock at dat Choinaman."

Patsy Dugan—"Shure, he's so far aff it won't go more than half way."

Mickey Hooley—"Den t'row two rocks at him."

"Poor Mrs. Scattles! Dead only three weeks and her husband has already another wife."

"Poor thing! How fortunate it was for her that she died before he married the second time."

Simkins— What makes your nose red?

Timkins— It glows with pride, sir, at not poking itself into other people's business.

Nothing bothers a modest but hungry old hen so much as when she has made a hearty breakfast of an old shoe lace and finds the unfortunate shoe still at the end of it.

When a man is a candidate for office his check is mightier than his word.

A Mislaid Moral.

There was once a young man who, at the age of 20, had acquired the following bad habits:

He played the races.

He smoked cigarettes.

He was always in debt.

He played poker whenever opportunity offered.

He wore a red necktie and a spotted vest.

He got up when it pleased him in the morning.

He read only French novels.

He had an intimate acquaintance with forty-five kinds of drinks.

Yet he succeeded in business and became at the age of 30, a most prosperous and respected citizen.

Moral — Unfortunately mislaid.

"I've come," said the visitor, "to see why you called me a political jobber in your paper today."

"I regret that error of the type quite as much as you," replied the editor.

"Ah! Then you didn't mean to call me that?"

"No, sir. I wrote 'robber' very distinctly."

In the temporary absence of the beauty editor this question was handed by mistake to the sporting editor:

"How shall we get rid of the superfluous hairs on the upper lip?"

"That's easy," he wrote in reply. "push the young man away."

"Women evidently have no sense of humor," remarked the baldheaded philosopher.

"Why do you think thusly?" asked the youth with the ingrowing mustache.

"If they had," replied the philosophy dispenser, "they would never get past the love, honor and obey part of the marriage ceremony without an audible giggle."

Ethel—I never see you in young Dent's automobile any more; what's the trouble?

Mae—Oh, he's too slow; I had to pass him up.

Ethel—Tell me the story.

Mae—Well, the last time we were out riding together he asked if he might kiss me, and just because I said "No," why, he didn't.

They were sitting by the old fireplace.

"Our kisses are like velvet," he whispered; "so soft."

"Velvet?" she said sweetly. "I think they are all felt."

And the wind sighed.

De Ranter—I tell you, my boy, I made the hit of my life last night in my new play. Why, the audience was actually glued to its seats, as it were.

Criticus—Oh, that accounts for it.

De Rater—Accounts for what?

Criticus—The fact that it didn't get up and leave.

If y'd succeed, whate'er the cost,
 Why, butt in, boy, butt in;
 The man who hesitates is lost,
 So butt in, boy, butt in.
 Don't show an overflow of gall,
 For that will seldom work at all,
 But don't, my boy, get down and
 crawl,
 But butt in, boy, butt in.
 Politeness must be always used,
 But butt in, boy, butt in;

As they skated they looked at the
 stars—
 There were a million or more;
 Their heels flew up and they ob-
 served
 A few they'd not seen before.

She— It's lots of fun to flirt with
 a man till you get him to propose
 and then say "No."

He— Yes, and it's lots of fun for
 the man, too; but he runs an awful
 risk.

She—How's that?

He—She might fool him and say
 "Yes."

Tell me, Pat, is there any truth
 in it—that they hurried poor old
 Terence into his grave?"

"Well, there may be, for I know
 that he arrived there in a brithless
 condition."

Askins—Is Miss Fairleigh's por-
 trait a good likeness?

Miss Cleverton—Yes. It looks
 just as she would like to look.

"Do the Kansas farmers expect
 much for their money?" asked the
 hat salesman.

"I should say so," responded the
 lightning-rod agent. "After they
 buy a lightning-rod they expect you
 to send along a thunderstorm so
 they can test it."

"Matilda!" shouted old Crawfoot
 angrily, "stop pounding on that pi-
 anny."

"Oh, papa;" lisped the girl in
 gingham, "the paper says music
 will keep away mosquitoes."

"Well, then, why don't you play
 music?"

Little Willie—Say, pa, what
 does a politician do?

Pa—The taxpayers, my son.

Edith—"The good die young."

Harold—"Yes—there's no use
 living in that condition."

It requires very little ability to
 find fault. That is why there are
 so many critics.

The people who pay the most
 compliments sometimes don't pay
 their bills.

A prudent man is like a pin.
 His head prevents him from going
 too far.

A saloon reminds some men of a
 counterfeit dollar—they can't pass
 it.

The Irishman's Letter.

Congressman Cannon tells this incident in the career of a postmaster in his district:

An Irishman came to this man and asked if there was a letter for him.

"'There is,' says the postmaster, 'and it's a big, fat letter. too. There's 11 cents due on it.'"

"'Well,' said the Irishman, 'just open it and read it to me, will you? My education was neglected in my youth.'"

"'The letter was twenty pages long, but the postmaster read it all through out loud.

"'Just read it again,'" said the Irishman, when he ended and being obliging, the postmaster did so.

"'Then the Irishman scratched his head and said;

"'How much is due on her?'"

"'Eleven cents.'

"'Well, keep her; she's none of mine,' said the Irishman. 'She don't belong to me.'" And he walked off."

"'Here's an account of a girl whose great-uncle died and left her \$10,000,000.'"

"'Well, any uncle who would do that is great.'"

"'Would you call her hair auburn or red?'"

"'That would depend largely on how much money her father has.'"

A Very Good Bid.

It was at an auction room. The place was crowded and the collection of furniture, art and bric-a-brac being unusually choice, the bidding had been very spirited. During an interval of the sale a man with a pale and agitated countenance pushed his way to the auctioneer's side and engaged him in a whispered conversation.

Presently he stood aside and the auctioneer rapped attention with his little hammer.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,'" he said, in a loud voice, "I have to inform you that a gentleman present has lost his pocketbook containing £300. He offers £50 for its return."

Instantly a small man in the background sprang upon a chair and cried excitedly, "I'll give £100."

He—I was afraid that after all you wouldn't be able to manage that rope ladder from your window.

She—I wouldn't have been able to if it hadn't been for papa.

Gotrox—I wish you to know that I am a self-made man.

Cynicus—How noble of you to assume all that responsibility.

No wonder China is behind the rest of the world; a Chinaman is brought up to worship his mother-in-law.

A Prolific Mother.

Johann Steiner, a farmer from the environs of Salzburg, married in 1882, when he was 55 years of age, a girl of 25 living in the same town. In nineteen successive confinements this woman bore, first of all, twins eight times running, then three times triplets, again four times twins, and finally four times a single child, which makes in all thirty-seven children—that is if we can count properly.

The last child was born on the same day—curious fact—that its papa celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. Thirty-four children, of whom twenty-six are girls, are still living.

Edyth—When I refused Charlie night before last, he threatened to blow his brains out.

Mayme—Well, he didn't. He proposed to me last night.

Edyth—Indeed! Then he must have got rid of them some other way.

Ward Worker—No sir; I'd never sell my vote. I'd—

Candidate—Ah! but won't you rent it to me for a day?

Ward Worker—Well that's different.

He—the little black mare was thought to be fast, but they've got her faded.

She—What color is she now?

"Whah's yoh father?" asked Aunt Cordelia.

"Gone huntin'," answered Pickaninny Jim. "He said you might as well git de fire stahted an' peel de taters for a fine stew tomorrow."

"Hum! Which did he take wif 'im, de gun or the dahk lantern?"

Mr. Outlate—It was business that detained me last night.

Mrs. Outlate—Yes?

Mr. Outlate—Yes. You know I wouldn't deceive you.

Mrs. Outlate—No John you wouldn't deceive me—no matter what you said.

"I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to the dentist this very instant to have this tooth out."

"Nonsense! Your tooth don't ache; it's only your imagination."

"Then I'll have him pull out my imagination."

Clarke—"Why didn't Buzzer succeed as an insurance solicitor?"

Deahborn—"Too energetic. He would talk his clients into such a weak condition that they were invariably rejected by the doctor."

"What we need in politics—

"Yes?"

"As I was saying, what we need in politics is—

"Well?"

"Is less politics."

"Fact! You're right."

The Irish Rebellion.

When writing home to a friend during the Irish rebellion in 1798, Sir Boyle Roche said, "To give you some idea of the danger we are in, I will only say that while I am writing this letter I have a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

Irish Delivery.

Mistress, wishing to see if her message had been correctly delivered: "What did you tell the ladies, Bridget?"

Bridget—"I told 'em yez wasn't feelin well, and yez was goin' to call on 'em soon, and they sez they was sorry to hear it."

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a Jack-ass, which was making daylight hideous with his unearthly braying. Jimmy stood a moment in astonishment, then turning to Pat, who was also enraptured with the song, he remarked:

"It's is a fine ear the bird has got for music, but he's got a wonderful cold."

Mrs. Yerger—"Matilda, hurry up with those shoes. What keeps you so long?"

Matilda—"I'se a comin' mum. I heered you call the fust time, and I thought ter save time I'd jess button 'em up for yer before yer puts 'em on."

Center Shot.

He (with the contempt of a boy of 16)—"Girls always giggle more than boys."

She (with the acuteness of 15) "That's because they have to look at boys."

Merely a Suggestion.

Miss Thirtyodd—I want to give my fiancee a surprise on his birthday. Can't you suggest something?

Miss DeFlypp—Well, you might tell him your age.

Kelly—No, Murphy, yez can niver be president of the United States.

Murphy (indignantly) — And phy not?

Kelly—Because yez wuz born in Oireland.

Murphy—Thrue fer yez; but if Oi should decoide to run for the prisidincy how the divil could they iver prove thot?

"And now, Mrs. Sullivan," said the counsel, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"With what, sir?"

"With impunity."

"He wuz, sir, now and thin; but he sthruck me oftener wid his fisht."

Wanted—A pet dog—by a lady who sits up and begs.

Mike (opening his pay envelope)
—“Faith, that’s the stingiest man I ever worked for.”

Pat—“Phwat’s the matther wid ye, didn’t ye git as much as ye ixpicted?”

Mike—“Yes, but I was countin’ on gettin’ more than I ixpected.”

Rube Hay—What did yer put them two straws in the leminade fur?

Waiter—Why, to drink it with.

Rube Hay—Gol darn yer imperdence; becuz I cum from the country, d’y take me fur a sucker?

“Is that new goat of yours pure blooded?”

“Yep.”

“What do you call him?”

“Choice Creamery.”

“Eh? What does that mean?”

“Pure butter.”

“A lice, what makes you wear spring frocks while it is so cold?”

“Why, I go by the almanac; it’s not my fault if the weather man gets behind with his work.”

Cobwigger—Do you think you’ll stand up the next time I tell you?

Freddie—Yes, dad, I feel as if I’d like to stand up for the next six weeks.

“I wish you would pay a little attention to me.”

“I am—just as little as possible.”

There is a terrible clatter from above. Maid rushes in.

“Oh, sir, a lady has fallen down stairs, and we can’t get her back up!”

“Well, see if you can get any other part of her up.”

Pat—Did ye hear that old Hogan was dead, Mrs. Ryan?”

Mrs. R—Is he, thin, poor man? Sure, I always knew that would be the end of him.

“You must really put something aside for a rainy day.”

“I have.”

“What is it?”

“An umbrella.”

Mary—“Sure an’ he went off in a pet.”

Caroline—“Who did?”

Mary—“The mouse; our terrier ate him.”

“We never get tired of baked apples at the place where I live.”

“You don’t?”

“No; we know if we did we’d get prunes.”

“That’s imitation coffee you’re drinking. Never guessed it, did you?”

“No. I thought it was tea.”

“Before marriage, you men swear on your bended knees!”

“And afterwards we just swear.”

"My friend Casey, had a friend named Sullivan, who was very sick, and as there was no one else available Casey told the physician that he would sit up with him. Well, the doctor told Casey to administer a powder at 10 o'clock and to give him just what he could get on a dime and no more. He took a dime from his pocket and showed Casey the necessary portion and cautioned him against giving an overdose. Casey said he understood and the doctor left—of course without leaving the dime. The next morning when he called he found the man dead. He said to Casey, 'did you give him the dose I prescribed?' Casey said, 'of course I did. I didn't have a dime so I put it on two nickels.'"

A tramp rang a doctor's doorbell and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so kind as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away. "I'm the doctor," said the smiling young woman, and the tramp nearly fainted.

At a camp-meeting lately, a venerable sister began the hymn: "My soul be on thy guard; ten thousand foes arise." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a converted stock broker present.

Casey and Riley agreed to settle their dispute by a fight and it was understood that whoever wanted to quit should say "enough." Casey got Riley down and was hammering him unmercifully, when Riley called out several times, "enough!" As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?" "I do," says Casey, "but he's such a liar you can't believe him."

I was once summoned as a witness in a case where an old darkey was charged with chicken stealing. The old darkey was on hand early and before the case was called the judge, observing his presence, asked his name. "My name is Johnsing, yo' honah," said the darkey. "Are you the defendant in this case?" inquired the judge. "No, sah," replied the darkey, "I'se got a lawyer to do my defendin', I'se de gentleman what stole de chickens."

A man had his purse stolen, and it contained a good deal of money. One day, to his great surprise, he had a letter from the thief, inclosing a small sum. The letter ran as follows; "Sir—I stole your munny. Remawse is noring at my conshense, so I send some of it back. Wen it nors agen I will send sum maw."

The Doctor—What you need is a tonic. Take quinine and iron at each meal.

Patient—But I am taking it every day and I don't get any better.

The doctor—Ah! Then what you need is to stop taking it.

Jones—Going to send your wife to the seaside this season?

Galey—No; can't afford it.

Jones—Why, she isn't extravagant, is she?

Galey—Not the least, but last year while she was away, I blew in \$350.

"Well, little boy, what's your name?"

"Shadrach Nebuchadnezzar Zoots."

"Who gave you that name?"

"I don't know; but if I can find out when I gets older, they'll be sorry for it."

Grover—What did you say to your wife when you got home last night?

Wilder—Oh, I didn't have to say anything. She was fully able to furnish all the conversation that the occasion seemed to require.

Miss Passe is talking.

"I get a new dress every birthday."

"What a lot of dresses you must have on hand!"

He—"I love you, darling. I swear it by those lofty elms in yonder park.

She—Don't swear by those, Reginald.

He—Why not?"

She—Because those trees are slippery elms.

"So," said the young girl's father, raspingly; "he has such a lovely disposition, has he?"

"Yes," she answered. "He said that if I will marry him, he won't object to living in the same house with you, even if you are real cross."

"I saw your daughter in one of those low cut dresses the other night."

"Oh, yes; she was dressed decollete, for she was just coming out."

"I thought so; and I wanted to push her back, but was afraid."

"Well, Rastus, did you take those pills I gave you yesterday?"

"Yes, sah; I took 'm; but, say, boss, ef yo's gwine to give me eny mo' to take, woan' yo' put 'em in a smaller box. I had a pretty hard time to swallow dat last box."

"You can always tell an Englishman—" began the Britisher, boastfully. "But it would only be a waste of breath," interrupted the Yank, "because he thinks he knows it all."

Girl's Essay On Boys.

The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard at a considerable distance. When a boy hollers, he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where the water is deep. When the boy grows up, he is called a husband, and he stops wading and stays out at nights, but the grown up girl is a widow and keeps house.

Reasons.

William—Have a drink, Si?

Si—I can't for two reasons.

William—What are they?

Si—One reason is, many years ago I promised my dear old mother that I would never touch liquor again.

William—And the other.

Si—Just had a drink.

Little Carl (whose mother, being unable to drag him out from under the bed for a whipping, has sent for his father to get him)—Hello, papa, is mamma after you, too? Crawl under here, quick!

She—Why do they always have those prize fighters roped in while they are fighting?

He—To show that they are getting the same treatment as their patrons.

Grieved.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am very much grieved at your ignorance of scriptural matters."

"What do you mean?"

"I overheard you telling that man at the races that there was a Jonah somewhere, but you couldn't exactly locate him. I really think it is time for you to read up a little."

Seized the Opportunity.

Mother (coming swiftly)—Why, Willie! Striking your little sister!

Willie (doggedly)—Auntie made me.

Maiden Aunt—Why, Willie! I said if you did strike her I would never kiss you again.

Willie (still doggedly)—Well, I couldn't let no chance like that slip.

The judge called the next case and said to a tramp that was ushered in:

"Where were you born?"

"Sir!" said the tramp.

"Where were you born?"

"Yer honor, I was born where me mother use ter live."

Wife (to unhappy husband)—I would not worry, John. It doesn't do any good to borrow trouble.

Husband—Borrow trouble! My dear, I'm not borrowing trouble; I've got it to lend.

A country doctor met one day the son of a patient of his who had been very ill. "Well, my lad," said the doctor, "how is your father this morning?"

"He's deid," replied the boy.

"Dead!" cried the doctor. "Was there a medical man beside him when he died?"

"No," replied the lad; "he jist deid hissel'."

They had not been married very long, and that complete blissful trust which young husbands and wives have in each other had not yet broken. But one morning wife meekly remarked: "I mended the hole in your trousers-pocket last night after you had gone to bed, John dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife?"

"Well—er—ye-es," returned John, dubiously, "you are thoughtful enough my dear; but how the mischief did you discover that there was a hole in my pocket?"

"Arthur, we haven't had a quarrel for weeks and weeks."

"Haven't we? Well, we can easily get one up by discussing who was most to blame in the last one we had."

"There's many a slip

'Twixt cup and lip"—

The proverb's made of sterling stuff

Yet when we think

How much we drink,

It seems there are not slips enough.

Rev. Stiggins—"Well, my son, do you see any change in your father since he joined the church?"

Boy—"Father! Why, when he used to go fishing on Sundays he would just throw his rod over his shoulders and walk off as large as life, not caring for anyone, but——"

Rev. Stiggins—"Now——"

Boy—"Why, he hides the rod under his coat, and sneaks out the back way."

Wife—"I'll warrant there's a letter written by a woman in your pocket now."

Husband—"Impossible, my dear! "You know I——"

Wife—"I know I wrote one and gave it to you to mail three days ago."

He (wishing to make it up again after the quarrel)—"Good morning!"

She (freezingly)—"You're mistaken sir, I think."

He—"Oh! I beg pardon. I mistook you for your mother."

First Bachelor—I wish I could write a decent letter of condolence.

Second Bachelor—Some one you know dead?

First Bachelor—No engaged.

"Is music a feature of the service at your church?"

"Well, I can't say that it is, exactly, but singing by the choir is."

HURON'S LAUGHS

Hard up But a Real Gent.

"I'll be honest wid yer, sport," said the beggar, "I want ter buy a drink. Gimme a quarter, will yer?"

"But you don't need a quarter for one drink," replied the sporty gentleman.

"One drink! Why, I'm not de kind of a gent what'll drink at anudder gent's expense an' not ask him to join me?"

Parson Goodleigh—My friend, I should hate to see you in perdition.

Bill Applejack—Then why don't you reform, elder, before you git thar?

"That girl with Johnson there—a friend of his I presume?"

"Nope; used to be though."

"So? Had a falling out?"

"Not exactly. He married her."

"His face has such a worn look!"

"No wonder, he has been traveling on it for nearly forty years."

No, Maude, dear; the church social is not made up of socialists.

When a man is too thin let him please notice that

He can make himself thinner by longing for the fet;

And the fat man, of course, gets a new double chin

Every time his mind dwells on his wish to be thin.

He sent her bouquets and he scribbled her notes

With persistency loyal but rash. His posies she wears and his sayings she quotes

But she'll probably marry the youth who devotes

His resources to gathering cash.

A young lady applied for a situation as housekeeper. "All that I ask is that I may stay with you a year and be boarded for my services. If you think that I don't earn my board during the year then I'll stay longer to pay for it."

Mrs. Fraid—John did you lock the door?

Mr. Fraid—There is no danger, dear.

Mrs. Fraid—I think you had better lock it; there is a new policeman on this beat.

Aunt Jane—I understand young Mr. Skinnay has won you.

Miss De Mure—Yes.

Aunt Jane—He's very sharp isn't he?

Miss De Mure—(absent minded) Rather; but then he always puts a cushion on his knees for me.

Hannigan—"Shure, these scales is no good at all for me. They only weigh the heft o' 200 pounds, an' Oi'm near to 250."

Flannigan—"Well, man alive can't ye get on thim twice?"

Boy's Definition.

A clerical friend, having read in the Times a series of definitions of the word "liar," supplies one of the word "lie" as follows: "A teacher asked for a good definition of a lie, when a boy said: 'A lie is an abomination to the Lord, and a present help in time of trouble.'"

Establishing a Case.

Court—What's the charge?

Policeman—Stealing an umbrella, your honor.

Court—Can the prosecutor have property?

Policeman—Yes, sir; he has with him the man from whom he stole it in the first place.

Cause for the Rash Act.

"Any cause been found for that suicide yet?" asked the reporter.

"Naw," answered the policeman. "We are inclined to think that she killed herself because she thought she looked like the picture of her you printed next afternoon."

Overdid It.

"I wonder if Johnson hadn't heard that story before?"

"What makes you think so?"

"He laughed so heartily."

Changed Every Second.

"A wise man changes his mind, but a fool never does."

"Then my wife must be a second Solomon."

Going Slow With Jim.

"And you have made Jim Jackson a deacon in your church?"

"Yes, sah. Dat is, he's a brevet deacon, sah."

"And what's a brevet deacon, George."

"He's a deacon dat don't handle no money, sah."

A Fatal Mistake.

"Madam," said the wanderer, "perhaps you may notice that I am almost discarnated." "I don't talk Dutch," said the lady as she slammed the door. And I sized her up for Boston raised," sighed the wanderer, and plodded on.

May Be.

Papa—What an interrogation point you are, Harry! I'm sure I didn't ask half so many questions when I was a boy.

Harry—Well, perhaps if you had you would be able to answer more of mine.

Evasive.

"Are you an imperialist?" asked the person who likes to know.

"Young man," said the statesman, "I never wore one in all my life."

"There goes a good-looking woman."

"That's my mother-in-law, and if you say anything more in her favor I'll break your face."

Punishment.

"Didn't I tell you not to propose to me again?"

"You said something of the kind, but of course it made no impression on me.

"Oh, it didn't! Well I'll give you a lesson that you won't forget. You'll never propose to me again."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to accept you."

An Irishman passing through a grave yard saw the inscription on a tomb stone: "Here lies the remains of a lawyer and an honest man," which he read and after a pause replied: "Oi wunther whoy tha' buried 'em both in the same grave."

A verdant young man at New Hampton popped the question to one of the village belles who before accepting explained as follows: "George, I love you and would not deceive you in anything for the world. So I will tell you beforehand that I am a somambulist." George looked puzzled for awhile, then remarked: "Wal, that'll be all right. I'll go with you to your church an' you ken go with me to mine."

At the groceryman's.

"Half a pound of tea, please."

"Black or green?"

"Makes no difference; its for a blind man."

At the cemetery the minister was moved by the grief of the husband whose wife was to be buried and sought to commiserate him in the following manner: "My brother, I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and although you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one, who was your companion and partner in life, I would console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to share your grief, who will take you and embrace you in arms of unfailing love."

To this the bereaved man replied by asking as he gazed through tears into the minister's face: "What's her name."

Not long ago a prominent and wealthy gentleman died. The procession had arrived at the cemetery. The widowed wife stood beside the grave as the sexton shoveled the dirt. One of the pall bearers approached her with a proposal, to which she replied, putting her hand to her mouth: "I'm sorry, but the man who sat up with the corpse is ahead of you."

The only new jokes are those we have forgotten.

"Less than a year ago," she mused, "he said he would lay down his life for me, and now he won't put up the window screens."

Working Both Ends.

"My friend," the long haired passenger said to the young man in seat opposite; "to what end has your life work been directed?"

"To both ends," was the reply. "I have the only first class hat and shoe store in our village."

Mr. Phoxy—I was going to ask you to try this little trick. Multiply your age by three, subtract twenty-one from the total and what is the answer."

Miss Kute—You should be able to guess the answer at once.

Mr. Phoxy—Yes? What is it?

Miss Kute—None of your business.

When Amesbury, the fashionable tailor, sent his bill to Flamm-out he wrote jocosely at the bottom, "This is old enough to grow whiskers." Whereupon Flamm-out inclosed a quarter in a note saying, "Find remittance within to get account shaved."

"Jack told me last night that he had given me his heart."

"Well, it's damaged goods. He told me last week that I had broken it."

"Were you at the football game?"

"No."

"Well, the score was 22 to 0."

"And what does that mean?"

"None killed and 22 wounded."

First Dude—You say he's working now?

Second Dude—Yes, he's really laboring.

"Hard labor?"

"No, light."

"What is it?"

"Oh, he is laboring under an impression."

The Visitor—"And so your sentence has nearly expired. I suppose your wife will welcome you with open arms?"

The Bigamist—No. 6 and No. 7 might, but I don't know 'ow the other five'll take!"

"He seems to be rather slow in his movements."

"Yes; he is so deliberate that he never has a smooth face. The beard grows on one side while he is shaving the other."

"Josephine is so thoughtful."

"In what way?"

"She has had the rustle of her silk petticoat taken by phonograph, for fear that she will forget it when it is out of style."

A brooklet is a little brook

Coursing down the shady dell;

A booklet is a little book—

Tales of love they tell;

A streamlet is a little stream

Which reflects the summer sky;

Bullet is not a little bull—

Can anyone tell why?

Charles derived little good from his visit to Sunday school yesterday. After dinner mamma missed a small pot of jam, and as she noticed some tell-tale evidence about Charles' mouth and hands, she asked him if he had seen or eaten the jam. Charles insisted that he had not even seen the jam. Papa thereupon was called in and Charles was punished severely. Drawing Charles close to her and wiping the tears from his eyes, mamma said:

"When I was your age, my boy, I never told a falsehood."

"How old were you before you began?" asked Charles between sobs.

"Thomas, you have disobeyed your old grandmother."

"No, I didn't ma."

"Yes, you did. Have you not been in swimming?"

"Yes, ma."

"Didn't I hear her say to you not to go in swimming?"

"Oh, she didn't tell us that; she only came out and said: 'Boys I wouldn't go in swimming,' and I shouldn't think she would, an old rheumatic woman like her; but she didn't say anything about our goin' in swimming."

When some their prayer direct ahead,

This is the way they con it;

"Give us this day our daily bread
With lots of butter on it."

The little five-year-old was put to bed and told when the lights were taken away not to be afraid; that the angels were watching over him. The anxious mother and the minister's wife lingered outside the nursery door waiting for the baby to go to sleep, afraid to leave lest he became frightened. After a lapse of several minutes, and just as they were preparing to tiptoe down stairs, convinced that sleep had at last closed the eyes of Master Innocence, they were both astounded and amused to hear through the darkness and quietude: "It does beat the devil how 'fraid I I is of them angels!"

Beggar—"Sir, I am starving."

Cræsus—"Here, take this penny, and tell me how you became so miserably poor."

Beggar—"Ah, sir, I was like you; I was too fond of giving away large sums of money to the poor."

Edith—"I think Tom Manners is a flirt!"

Maude—"How so?"

Edith—"Why, after I've refused him only three times, he is making love to that odious May Takem!"

Reporter (in vestibule)—Is it true that Mr. Gotrox has just died?

Butler (cautiously)—It is; but he has nothing to say for publication.

A Slight Mistake.

A young man in his shirt sleeves and a straw hat, was observed one of the hot afternoons during last summer wheeling a baby carriage backward and forward in front of one of the small houses in the vicinity of Fairmont park. He appeared hot, but happy.

"My dear," came a voice from one of the upper windows of the house.

"Let me alone can't you?" he called back and went on wheeling and mopping his face.

An hour latter the same voice came from the window in earnest and pleading tones: "George, dear!"

"Well, what on earth do you want?" he asked. "Have the waste pipes burst?"

"No, George, dear; but you have been wheeling Anna's doll all the afternoon. It is now time for baby to have a turn."

They found the bride in tears.

"I cook pies and things that are something fierce, but George will not eat them?" she sobbed miserably.

"Ah, you must first make him love you! The way to a man's stomach is through his heart!" they said for they were worldly wise.

Some men come into the world asking "why?" but no one is able to answer.

Twiller—"I say, Bobbins, you'll pardon my curiosity—but how is it that your twins are both cross-eyed?"

Bobbins—"Well it was a sad mistake; one got both the left eyes, the other both the rights."

English Toast-Master (to chairman of public dinner)—"Would you like to propose your toast now, my lord, or should we let 'em enjoy themselves a bit longer?"

Scrumble: "Been to see the old masters?"

Stippleton (who married money): "No. Fact is (sotto voce) I've got quite enough on my hands with the old missus!"

"Do you have any trouble with your servant-girl?"

"Not a bit."

"How do you manage?"

"We don't; she manages."

"I don't think flannel skirts are modest."

"Not modest? What can be more shrinking than a flannel skirt?"

"Doctor, please tell me does chewing gum enlarged the muscles of the jaws?"

"Not unless you chew it miss."

Save money for a rainy day,

And then, as seasons go,

You'll have to bring it out to pay

The man who shovels snow.

Precaution.

"Oi have me name and address insoide me pocketbook."

"Why hov ye?"

"Bedad so thot if a pickpocket shtales it he will know where to sind it back to."

"Do ye think he will be after returnin' it?"

"If he's an honest man he will."

"Whoop!" said Bobbie as a little green snake crossed the path, "there goes a piece of fresh hay looking for a new place to grow."

Mike (to the chemist): "The docthor said, 'Take wan of these pills three times a day.' I took wan of thim wans; but the man doesn't live that kin take wan of thim three times."

Fire is a good servant, but it is apt to go out nights like other servants.

The Cincinnati man who was given 10 days for stealing an eight-day clock, naturally feels that he got about ten days the worst of it.

He (in confusion)—"I beg your pardon. I thought it was someone else."

She (furiously)—then I'll never forgive you."

"He is worth a hundred millions the most of which he stole."

"And he belongs to the church?"

"No, the church belongs to him."

Uncle Josh, just in from Upcreek, saw a wagon with the sign, "Eagle Laundry," painted on the side, moving rapidly along the street.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Can anybody make a livin' in this town washin' eagles?"

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?"

"Very well," answered Mr. Cumrox. "She has gotten along so far that when I ask her to play anything I like she looks haughty and says, 'The idea!'"

"How old is Charlie Huggins, daughter?" asked old man Bifkins at the breakfast table the other morning.

"He is 24, I believe," replied the fair maid. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, your mother and I were only wondering," answered the father, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his off optic. "We gathered from what we overheard of his conversation in the parlor last night that he was in his second childhood."

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because they are not known.

N. B. means "take notice" but not necessarily to take anything else in sight.

Woman and Dog.

The other day a woman shipped her husband's remains and a dog over the Central. At Albany she appeared at the door of the baggage car to see how they were getting along

"How does he seem to be doing?" she asked, with a sniff.

"Who, the corpse?" inquired the baggagemaster, kindly.

"No, the dog."

"Oh! he's comfortable," replied the baggage man.

"Anybody been sitting down on him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"Certainly not," replied the baggage man.

"Does it seem cool enough in here for him?"

"For who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

"I think so," grinned the baggage master.

"Does the jolting appear to affect him any?"

"Affect who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"I don't believe it does."

"You'll keep an eye on him, won't you?" she asked, wiping away a tear.

"On who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

And having secured the baggage man's promise, she went back to her coach apparently contented.

He Didn't Complain.

Young Wife—This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere, is all nonsense.

Friend—Doesn't your husband complain at all?"

Young Wife—No, indeed. Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves, and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things, and yet when I was finally dressed and went down stairs to my husband, there he was by the fire reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late.

Friend—Well, I declare! Where were you going?

Young Wife—To a prayer-meeting.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntosel, who had been reading the back pages of a magazine, "ef a cannon ball goin at the rate of sixty miles an hour was shot from the back of a train goin sixty miles an hour, where would the cannon ball light?"

"I dunno exactly where 'twould light," she answered, "but I kin prophesy it 'ud do a lot 'o damage. It couldn't hit nowheres without hurtin a lot o' people that was standin around without anything better to do than speckel-ate on jes' sech doin's."

"I have a pain in my neck."

The Other Party—"Maybe the rubber has broken."

There is a prominent doctor in Germantown who is busy telling a little joke on himself. It appears that he had employed an Irish servant, who had just arrived from the "ould sod." Starting out one morning, he noticed that his office windows were rather dirty, and calling Bridget, he instructed her to clean the windows. After he had gone his rounds, he returned to his office. Glancing at the windows he found them thickly streaked with grease. He called Bridget, and the following colloquy took place:

"Bridget, didn't I tell you to clean the windows?"

"Yes, sor."

"And didn't I tell you to use the new chamois?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well did you use it?"

"Sure I did, sor."

"Let me see the chamois," said the doctor, and Bridget promptly brought it. Then for the first time he learned that his wife had left the house a half hour before he did in the morning and had sent home some tripe. The doctor declines to say what happened to the chamois skin.

Her father—"What! You say you're engaged to Fred? I thought I told you not to give him any encouragement."

His Daughter—"I didn't. He didn't need any."

Our Phelim had had the misfortune to get hit with a brick while following at his employment, and engaged a lawyer to put in a claim for \$25. The claim was granted, and in a short time the lawyer sent for Phelim to pay him. Phelim went to the lawyer's office and got \$10, but stood looking at it in his hand.

"What's the matter," said the lawyer.

"Begorra," said Phelim, "Oi was just wondering who got hit with that brick."

Life Insurance Agent—"My dear sir, have you made any provision for those who come after you?"

Harduppe—"Yes, I put the dog at the door and told the hired girl to say I'm out of town."

Composite—"Do you know the lady?"

"Well—the dress is my wife's. The parasol—that's my daughter's. The hat's my sister's; and the face—yes, the face is my cook's!"

Cobwigger—"What happened when the committee was all ready to shoot off the fireworks?"

Freddie—"It rained."

The Lady—"If you do not move on I shall whistle for the dog."

The Man—"Let me sell you a whistle, mum."

Wished She Had Kept Still.

Some evenings ago a man was seated in the corridor of one of the large hotels smoking a fragrant cigar. On the lounge next to him were seated a woman and her daughter, the latter next to the smoker. The draft blew the smoke across the young woman's face, to which the smoke remained oblivious or indifferent. Finally, after several quite audible remarks to her mother apropos of the rudeness of men in general, which passed rapidly into a somewhat hectic comment on this smoker in particular, turning savagely to the tormentor, she said: "If you were my husband, do you know I'd poison you?" "And do you know madam," replied the man, calmly removing his cigar, "were you my wife, I'd take that poison?"

Miss Punter—"And you accepted him? Why you told me just the other day that if he proposed you would refuse him absolutely!"

Miss Fadington—"Yes but he proposed in the most beautiful Scotch dialect you ever heard, and I couldn't refuse him."

Mr. Newlywed—"I was sitting up with a sick friend last night, love—he did as much for me once, and—"

Mrs. Newlywed—"Who was it?"

Mr. Newlywed—"Why, Ted Harris, the man who stood up with me at our wedding."

"They're saying you're just like all the other members of the house," remarked the newly elected legislator's close friend. "They say you have your price."

"That's a lie," declared the new member.

"I thought so."

"Yes. I haven't got it yet, but I have hopes."

Mrs. Newliwed — "Goodness, George, how you do snore at night." Mr. Newliwed—"How do you know?" Mrs. Newliwed—"Why, I heard you." Mr. Newliwed—"My dear, you musn't believe everything you hear."

He—Clara, dear, I have long wanted to ask you a question; but I have not had the courage. Can you—will you—" She—"I can and I will. Why, George, I ordered trousseau long ago. I knew that the thing was settled."

"It was a great mistake to teach our cow to eat cactus."

"Why? Did it kill her?"

"Kill her? We can't keep a yard of barbed-wire fence around the place."

"Pinkney Perkins is all broke up." What's the matter?"

He was arguing with some men against that \$1 Jeffersonian dinner, and pulled out a package of 15-cent meal tickets with his handkerchief.

President (Polkadot poker club)
—We always gives this conundrum to new members: Why is a royal-flush like a white man's wife?

New member—I gives it up. Why is it?

President—Because, if yo' gits caught holding either one 'round here yo'll git shot!

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Tommy, you tell me, what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?

Tommy (with a broad and intelligent expression—Please, miss, we must sin.

Mrs. Benham—Not one woman in a thousand marries the man she wants.

Benham—She doesn't want to marry the man she wants; she wants to marry the man some other woman wants.

Agent—"Could I sell you a copy of this book, 'A Happy Marriage'?"

Man—"Is it fiction?"

Agent—"Why, certainly! What else could it be?"

Man—"Why, I didn't know but it might be a joke-book."

"Sure, Murphy was wrong, an' he knowed he was wrong an' he owned up loike a little mon."

"Did he, now?"

"Yis; but he licked the other man fir-rst!"

Georgie—"Auntie, I want to run my railroad train across here."

Auntie—"I can't move now, Georgie."

Georgie—"All right, auntie; I'll just play there's a great, big, fat cow on the track."

Briggs—"Miss Twickenham said last night that if I kissed her she just knew she would have hysterics."

Griggs—"What happened?"

Briggs—"They had to summon three doctors in fifteen minutes."

Grocer—Well, little one, what can I do for you?"

Jenny—Please, sir, mamma says will you change a dollar for her and she will give you the dollar tomorrow."

Doctor (to patient who wishes to be treated for an impediment in his speech)—"Do you always stutter?"

Patient—"O—o—only when I—
—I—t—t—talk."

Landlady—"Isn't this a good chicken?"

Boarder—"It may have been a good chicken morally, but physically it was a wreck."

The wise man changeth his mind, but the fool is perverse in his judgment; provided, in any case, that he was not of our mind and judgment in the first instance.

"Spiel" of "Mickey de Dog."

Michael Duggan, better known as "Mickey de Dog," puzzled Justice Sabbath with a few minutes of slang talk at the Maxwell street police court yesterday. "Mickey" was arrested by Detectives Murray and Shaughnessy while arguing politics with an Italian at Bunker and Halsted streets.

"Yer see, de Dago wuz givin' me hot air," explained Duggan.

"Giving you what?" asked the magistrate.

"Why, hot air. He was spielin' it t' me too strong."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, he wouldn't come down from his perch. He wuz throwin' it into me, an' I wouldn't stand fer de con."

"Why didn't you sit down if you were tired?"

"Oh, pipes; I wusn't tired. I simply couldn't swallow de hot air he wuz t'rowin' away fer de benefit of a politician wat wants ter be alderman and don't know how to speak English."

"Well, I suppose what you say is all right, but I can't understand you. You say a great deal, and yet you don't say anything," answered his honor. "Did you say he was throwing hot air at you?"

"Sure; dat's jest what he wuz doin' and I wouldn't stand fer it."

"But what is hot air? Where did he get it?"

"Where did he get what?"

"Why, the hot air."

"Oh, yer ain't wise ter me spiel. He didn't have no hot air; it was taffy—con—a punk spiel."

The magistrate, however, was more mystified than ever, and, giving up his attempt to translate, he told Duggan to return to his home and forget all about politics and politicians.

A minister was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them he put the question, "What are you doing to the dog?" One of the boys said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was your age I never told a lie." There was silence for a while, and then one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog."

"Marie," said the merchant to his stenographer, "come up and see my wife tomorrow night."

"Yes, Mr. Mudge," hesitatingly answered Marie, "but are you sure she will be out of town?"

Wanted—A steady man to look after a garden and milk a cow who has a good voice and is accustomed to sing in the choir.

HURON'S LAUGHS

The New Education.

My friend was teaching the primary class in the city Sunday school. The story was of the wandering Israelites who were miraculously fed upon Manna.

"I don't know," she said in a soft tone aside to me, "just what manna looks like, but I have this little bottle of homœopathic pills for an illustration," taking from her pocket a tiny phial and shaking it lightly.

She made the story interesting and every little face was turned upward expectantly as she proceeded. She told of the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, the coming of the quails and the fall of the manna, then rapidly reviewed the whole, asking questions to test the attention of her audience.

"And what did the Lord feed the children of Israel upon?"

"Pills," they all shouted without a dissenting voice.

Then for a moment there was silence, while the teacher bent low, to look into her reticule after something which was not to be found.

A Nebraska preacher owned a fine bath tub. One day he found the housemaid had used it. Calling her into his study, he said kindly but firmly: "Mary, I do not mind you using my tub, but what I object to is that you should do behind my back what you will not do before my face."

"Johnny, I'm sorry that you did not obey my instructions at the luncheon. Don't you remember that I told you not to pick over the sandwiches but to take the first one?"

"Truly, mama; but whenever I tried to get the first one somebody grabbed it and I had to dig in wherever I could."

The gentleman who likes to ask questions was visiting a kindergarten. Finally he turned his attention to "Johnny."

"My boy," he said, "do you know how to make a Maltese cross?"

"Yes sir," Johnny answered, promptly.

"Good!" exclaimed the visitor, delighted to learn that in Johnny's case at least, the work of hand and brain were going forward together.

"How would you go about it?"

"Why, jes' pull her tail," said Johnny, "that's all."

Mother to Tommy (who had been rather free in his speech)—If you will promise not to say "hang it" any more I will give you 10 cents.

Tommy—All right, ma, I know another word that is worth 50 cents.

"What makes the catboat go so fast?"

Ask little Willie Spink.

"The dogfish must be chasing it,"
Said father with a wink.

Not Under his Control.

"Dear me!" said the good looking female visitor to the superintendent of the lunatic asylum, "what a vicious look that woman has in the corridor. Is she dangerous?"

"Yes, at times," replied the superintendent.

"But why do you allow her such freedom?"

"Can't help it."

"But isn't she an inmate and under your control?"

"No. She is not under my control. She's my wife."

Cholly Choffer—And tell me my good man, if an automobilist runs over somebody in your little town is he fined?

Tarantula Pete—Nope, buried.

There is a man in Gravette so close fisted that he couldn't get his hands open to pick up dollars he saw rolling up hill for fear he would lose 2 cents he held in his grasp.

Benham—"Our boy was a pretty baby, but he gets more homely every day."

Mrs. Benham—"Well, you didn't expect him to get to look like you all at once did you?"

Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn to have patience with him—to live and let live.

Sambo—Do you fink it am wrong toe commit suahtside? an' why somevah do yo' fink so?"

Mose—Yes sah, I does! cause its determental toe de eatin' facilities, an' interferes wif de 'gestion respraun and sometimes dislocumcates de spinalmengitus and oder 'portant funkshunmaries ob de human sisterm.

Some one has said: "It is the hungry pig that squeals," and "Doc" Bixby says: "And the more he squeals the hungrier he gets. If he were wise he would quit squealing and root."

"Maria, I have about decided to run for alderman."

"Why, whatever put that notion into your head?"

"Oh, more than twenty men have spoken to me about it. I'm confident that I can sweep the ward."

"Very well, you may start right now. Go out and sweep the snow off the sidewalk."

He—Suppose we found a mutual admiration society. I will begin by saying that I admire your beauty. Now, what do you admire in me.

She—I admire your taste.

"Pa?"

"What is it, Tommy?"

"How much would the ocean weigh if it was dried up."

Rules for Skinner's Hotel.

This hotel is on a bluff. Beautiful views in the family album. Three concerts every evening by burglars. If you need the chambermaid you will find her sawing wood in the cellar. Don't speak to the dumb waiter,—and don't tip the waiter, he may break the dishes. Old men will not play in the halls. Married men without baggage will leave their wives in the office. Give your money to the night clerk. He'll take it any way.

Farmer Haystack—"Wall, durn my buttons if that ain't the wust lookin critter I ever sot eyes on! I swow, I won't hev sich a lukin' hoss on the place Hiram."

Hiram—"Well, father, I gave \$16 for him and it's a better lookin' horse than our Savior had when he rode through the streets of Jerusalem."

Farmer Haystack — Solemnly, (after looking the animal over critically.) "Hiram, it's the same hoss."

Old Lady—(sniffing). "What's that odor I smell?"

Farmer—"That's fertilizer."

Old Lady—(astonished). "For the land's sake!"

Farmer—"Yes ma'am."

Little Girl—"We had a new baby left at our house today, and wasn't it lucky mamma was home."

A small, insignificant Irishman hobbled in on crutches accompanied by his wife, a big, brawny woman. "Judge," said she, "I want you to give this man six months for giving me this black eye." "What!" exclaimed the judge in astonishment, "do you mean to say that this physical wreck gave you that black eye?" "Your honor," said the woman, "I want you to understand that he was not a physical wreck until after he gave me this black eye."

"I saw a man yesterday with a 'dead and dumb' sign on; so I gave him a nickel. He said: 'Thank you.' I said, 'I thought you were deaf and dumb.' 'Oh,' he said 'I'm only minding this place till the other fellow comes back.' 'Well, where is the other fellow,' I asked. 'Oh, he's over in the beer garden listening to the music.'"

"You're father was pretty wealthy when he died, wasn't he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did he leave your mother much?"

"Oh, about twice a week."

"Jones was badly hurt, wasn't he, doctor?"

"Yes. We had to amputate both legs."

"My! Will he pull through?"

"Oh, yes; we'll put him on his feet again in about six months."

Queer Advertisements.

Curiously worded advertisements are common in London papers. One paper offered a prize for the best collection of such announcements, and the following is the result:

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"For Sale—A room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday evening answering to Jim with a brass collar round his neck and muzzle."

"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with movable headpiece as good as new."

Hosiery Clerk—Can't I show you something very cheap in white?

Mrs. Darkblack—No, sah, yo' kaint. I nebber did hab any use fo' white trash, nohow.

A Tale of Two Cities.

Mr. Gotham—Ha! ha! ha! That's good! The paper says a man in Philadelphia was run over by a funeral procession! Ho! ho! ho! Such a thing couldn't happen outside slow old Philadelphia.

Mr. Broadbrim—A similar accident has happened in New York only recently.

Mr. Gotham—Impossible.

Mr. Broadbrim—It was a rich man's funeral, and the relatives were going back to the house to hear the will read.

There is a young lady in Owatonna who has considerable mesical talent, and two of her lady friends were commenting on it the other day.

"Louise is simply full of music," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, sarcastically. "What a pity it is allowed to escape."

Mrs. Chatterton—Bridget, that pitcher you broke this morning belonged to my great grandmother.

Bridget (relieved)—Well, Oi'm glad of thot! Sure, Oi was afroid it was somethin' yez had just bought lately.

After a girl has taken as many as six lessons on the piano, she begins to pronounce Beethoven and Wagner in a manner to jar her elders.

A Similarity.

"It was one of the most pathetic plays I ever saw," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"I don't see why you go to the matinee if it makes you cry."

"Just because I feel badly is no sign I haven't had a good time, Charley, dear. You know how much you enjoy the races and coming back with the blues."

Mr. Thirdfloor—"What's that girl singing?"

Boy—"Oh, promise me! sir."

Mr. Third—"Well, for goodness' sake, hurry downstairs and promise her whatever she wants, and charge it to my account."

Young Ardup was looking over his accounts.

"I find," he muttered, "I spent last year \$165.45 for beer and cigars and \$75 for clothing. I must try and get along with less clothes this year."

"When an enemy smites me," said the pious looking hypocrite, "I always turn the other cheek."

"Why," asked a man who knew him, "do you want him to go around, with both hands disabled?"

"What do you suppose causes nightmares?"

"I think it must be the unstabled thoughts that go teeming through the brain."

A very clever bit of repartee was heard at the jail the other evening. Two prisoners had gotten into an altercation the day before and were rather "sore" at each other. One was in for stealing a cow, and the other was charged with the theft of a watch.

"Say, what time is it?" said the cow thief to the other, in a bantering way.

"Oh, I don't know. Reckon it's about milkin' time cept in a certain home up in the country where they had their cow stole a while back."

"Then you have been to Niagara?"

"Yes, I was quietly married last Tuesday week, and the next day we reached Niagara. Soon as we got there I started out to see the falls with my wife."

"Magnificent, eh?"

"You bet. You should have seen all the other men turning around to look at her as she passed."

Clara—Did you lose your presence of mind when he attempted to kiss you?

Maud—Yes; for a moment. Why I came near telling him to stop.

She—I should like to know what good your college education did you?
He—Well, it taught me to owe a lot of money without being annoyed by it.

On the Contrary.

Eugene Field was once visiting the house of his friends the Stoddards, in New York, of which he sang—

Their home on Fifteenth street is
all so snug and furnished so,

That, when I once get planted
there, I don't know when to go.

During the evening a certain well known physician dropped in. He is a serious man, and a bit pompous. The talk turned to diet.

"Doctor," said Stoddard, "I've heard that you eat two eggs at breakfast the year round."

"No," said the doctor emphatically, "no, on the contrary."

"On the contrary!" cried Stoddard. "What's on the contrary of eating two eggs?"

"Laying two eggs," came in deep, solemn tones from Field.

"You don't tell me they are married?"

"Why, yes. The Rev. Dr. Talkins performed the marriage service."

"Well I hope they'll always consider it a service."

Markley—Yes I did lend him \$10. Newitt—Well, I suppose he will pay you back some day, but you can't make him hurry. Markley—I don't know about that. The mere sight of me on the street has had that effect on him several times lately.

First Lawyer—I understand you are going to give up general practice."

Second Lawyer—Yes, I have a will case in which there is a million involved.

'Tain' 'allus de useful people dat makes de mos' stir in dis worl'," Uncle Eben. "A man wif a razzar 'tracts mo' 'tention dan de folks what give de party an' paid foh de 'freshments.

The nuisance who greets his friends with a powerful slap in the back and exclaims, "Hello, old fellow," met his fate in Lincoln last week and the town rejoices. The jovial pest greeted and at the same time delivered his customary smash between the shoulders on a man he thought he knew but didn't. Quick as a flash the stranger whirled and gave nuisance a good straight punch from the shoulder that laid him full length on the pavement. With a surprised and grieved look, Nuisance arose and said: "Why, I was just in fun." The stranger smilingly replied, "So was I."

"There is a time in every man's life," said the philosopher, "when within him he feels the rising soul of genius, hears the prompting voice of duty, and swells with the proud sense of responsibility, only ——" "Only," (interrupted the cynic, "to find that he is bilious!")

HURON'S LAUGHS

When We Meet.

When General Longstreet met General Wheeler, after he had been made an officer in the Spanish American War, he is said to have remarked, "Joe, I have got one wish."

"What is that?" asked General Wheeler.

"I want to get to hades a few minutes before you do so as to hear Jubal Early's remarks when he sees you with that Yankee uniform on."

"Are you sure Mr. Spoonamore," she asked him after a moment's pause, "It isn't my \$25,000 legacy, instead of me that attracts you?"

"I am, Miss Higsworthy," he answered with strong feeling. "I thought it was ten times as much as that."

When the new puppies were discovered to be blind, Teddy was very unhappy. His auntie assured him that God would open their eyes in due time. When bed time came Teddy was heard adding a petition to his prayer:

"Dear God, do hurry up and finish those puppies!"

Ned—Yes, I've resolved to give up betting and drinking and all—

Fred—Huh! You'll never keep that resolution.

Ned—I'll bet you the drinks I do.

Biway—Use an alarm clock nowadays?

Jigsup—'No; never tried one but once.

Biway—How was that?

Jigsup—Well, you see the first time it went off I didn't know what it was and so I said: 'Oh, for heaven's sake Maria shut up!' Maria happened to be awake, and—well that is how it was.

"Is this a good place for trout?" inquired the angler, who had just arrived.

"It seems to," replied the other who had been fishing patiently for hours; "they don't appear to be disposed to leave it."

Mother—Willie you must stop asking your father questions. Don't you see they annoy him?

Willie—No, ma'am; it aint my questions that annoy him.

Mother—Willie.

Willie—No, ma'am; its the answers he can't give that makes him mad.

"Do all turkeys have wishbones nurse?"

"Yes, dearie."

"I wonder why they don't wish that there wouldn't be any Thanksgiving."

Mr. Knowit—Don't you know that cigar is very injurious for you?

Willie—Sure, but if I didn't smoke it my little brudder would.

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